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Pro-Slavery.

From the Union Missionary.

RELIGION OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

At a recent Missionary Convention in Bangor, says the *Bangor Whig and Courier*, Rev. Dr. Anderson, one of the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. remarked in regard to polygamy, "That after a full consideration of the subject, the Missionaries came to the conclusion, that the sinfulness of polygamy was not so clearly taught in the New-Testament as to make it a test for exclusion. It was, however, regarded by the Missionaries as a bar to holding church offices." We would refer Dr. A. to Matt. xix. 5—9, "*Shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.*" Dr. Scott remarks: "It is observable, that Christ inserts the word 'twain,' which is not in the original institution, but is added by the LXX. purposely, as it seems, to obviate all misconstruction of his meaning."

With reference to the question of Slavery, Dr. Anderson said, "Whether or not slaveholding, under the circumstances of the case, was inconsistent with piety, in Indian communities, the Missionaries, who were excellent men, were better judges than we could be. (Why?) The rule of the Missionaries, which he thought a wise one, was to admit members on the simple ground of piety." And that "slaveholding is not necessarily inconsistent with receiving a man into the Church,—that it is not to be regarded as a disciplinable offence."

In answer to inquiries, Dr. Anderson further stated that the Committee would *recall* a Missionary who should receive into the Church persons entertaining Unitarian, Universalist, or Mormon views, even though he should deem them really pious persons.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW—POEMS ON SLAVERY.

We copy the following article from the South Carolinian, Columbia, (S. C.) and commend it to the particular reading of all of the "laurelled" or unlaurelled "throng of aspirants, who are clattering at the gate of the Parnassian temple in America"! If it does not arouse the poetic fire of the unlaurelled ones, that they may receive from the same hand a wreath of as bright a green as here adorns the brows of Simms, we lose our guess. The "perfumery of *such* eloquence," as Mr. Mordough of New Hampshire, says, is enough to stop the noise, on the subject of Slavery at least, of all the clattering aspirants in Christendom. Poor Zeke Bigelow! What *will* this South Carolinian say, when he knows what Zeke has been doing?

We cannot but believe that the abuse of this slaveholder of his Anti-Slavery Poems, is far more grateful incense to Professor Longfellow than any praise that could be given him for the omission of such poems in the expurgated edition of his works:

We are not rejoiced to see the *complete works* of Prof. LONGFELLOW presented to the reading public of the United States; for we would much have preferred the omission of his "Poems on Slavery," which disgrace the fair fame of this author. We have long been an admirer of the Professor's poetical genius—had almost yielded to him, in our appreciation, the front rank of the laurelled throng of aspirants who were clattering at the gateway of the Parnassian temple in America, and who were contending for the passionate gifts of the muses with vigorous strife—a strife commendable only when influenced by purity; but our heart grew sick when we saw the Cambridge edition of these poems, published some years since, and which was never sold by Southern booksellers. We hoped then, that he would not attempt to bring them before the public again, and were strengthened in this belief when we saw the beautiful illustrated edition of his poetical works, published by Carey & Hart, the last year, in which these calumniating poems did not appear. But all our hopes for his prudence have been dashed to the earth, and in the present cheap edition, *intended for the reading of the million alone*, they are conspicuously inserted. From the high price of the Philadelphia edition, it reached very few persons but those of fortune in the North; whilst the present issue will find its way into the hands of every pot-house blusterer, and shirtless fanatic, who are usually so eloquent in preaching the enormities and sinfulness of Slavery to our domestic enemies.

Professor Longfellow wrote these poems at sea, immediately after leaving Europe, where he laid up poetical treasures—since elaborated worthily and artistically. These poems on Slavery were the bile, which concentrated in his mind during his European tour, and which being cast out by the Demon of the Ocean, no doubt acted on the poetical elements of his intellect, as sea-sickness did on his mortal frame, and left him free from the haunting sin which was engendered, by the refined continental influences which in vain strove to corrupt him. It is charitable to allow him this latitude. It is all the excuse he can avail himself of at Southern hands—at the hands of that portion of his fellow-citizens whose domestic relations he has outraged and villified, by calling to his aid the heavenly gifts of the muses, and desecrating their holy teachings, by uttering lies from the mouth of poesy. In writing these poems, slanderous and insulting as they are to Southern readers, he forgot the want and suffering which he had left behind him in the old world: he forgot the Boston beggar who claims alms and mercy, under the shade of the sacred elm tree, near his own door—under that tree which once sheltered the Father of his country, and his conquering hosts, and who was himself a slaveholder. When he indited the "Quadroon Girl," he forgot the harlotry of Boston, which, though hidden by seeming sanctity and purity without, reveals within, a heart of rotten morality, and prevailing corruption—when he penned "The Slaves' Dream," he too forgot the dreamers of want and suffering in his own native land—forgot the famished white child begging for bread amongst the luxuries of the "Athens of America"—forgot the want-stricken mother, whose shrivelled bosom refuses to impart the stream of life to her greedy infant—forgot the pale, hollow cheek, and blood-shot, sunken eye of the over-worked factory girl—forgot the crooked back and hobbling gait of the over-tasked hod carrier—*not overtasked by a master*, but whose necessities scourge him to exert all—even the last pulse of life itself, to gain food to appease the gnawings of hunger. What subjects would all these have been for his muse to mourn over—with the heavy tribulation of an honest man? In what bold relief they would have shone, side by side, with the philanthropic lays of the abolition Poet? Certainly they would not have been out of place in such black company, and our poet might have been immortalized by the world for the expression of *honest philanthropy*—for singing of the woes of Slavery, corporeally, intellectually want-engendered, and morally, as it exists in every phase in all parts of our Union. But with the sectional jealousy of the shrewd brotherhood from whom he sprung, he has trampled under foot the sacred teachings of truth—sang the imaginary woes and sufferings of a class, the domestic feelings of whom he knew nothing, and with wiles equal to the politician's trickery, he sends forth these lays to the world as reflexes of Southern infamy and corruption. We thank God, that our own bards have struck their harps in praise of the domestic joys of the happy slaves of the South. The truest pictures, and the best poetry, written by any Southern poet, are to be found in those passages in which Mr. Simms has delineated the character of the slaves in South Carolina, and we regret that we have not at command a copy of the best book he has ever published, his "Southern Passages and Pictures," from which to quote in triumphant opposition to the slanders of Longfellow, Brainard, the perjured Whittier, and others.

But we can look for nothing better to arise from the calls of the Southern public, whose tastes are directed by Northern authors, the works of whom are foisted upon us by Northern publishers, and crammed down our throats, backed by the criticisms of Northern itinerants, who, since it has become unfashionable to peddle *deceptive notions* of the mechanic arts amongst us, have usurped good taste in thought and action, and now scatter abroad their ideas of destruction with no sparing hands. When the irresponsible Yankee scribbler who writes for lucre, and has no common ties with us—commands the first place in our magazines and reviews of art, taste, and criticism—when the equally irresponsible scientific professor directs the actions of our youth, and chisels infidelity to patriotism into the unwrought marble of their minds—when our children are taught to be traitors to the rights and customs of their ancestors, by pedagogues—

"Who wandering through the Southern country teaching
The A B C from Webster's spelling-book;
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining, by what they call 'hook and crook,'
And what moralists call over-reaching,
A decent living."

Men who teach from books, inculcating what is by them termed morality—and which morality casts a reflection on those customs; when these things are daily transacted, and allowed to go on and prosper before our eyes; it may be deemed unloyal to good taste, when we raise our voice against a poor poet, whose morbidity has caused him to indite a national slander on the fair fame and morality of our Southern border.

We cut the following advertisements from the same paper,—the South Carolinian—in which they stand in precisely the same juxtaposition that they do here. Taken together, they are an excellent commentary upon the article above:

FOURTH OF JULY BARBACUE.

There will be a Barbacue Dinner prepared on the 4th of July next, at J. Wilson's Store, 25 miles from Columbia, on the stage road, leading through the Dutch Fork, in Lexington District, S. C.

June 25.

COMMITTED TO THE JAIL OF FAIRFIELD DISTRICT, —On the 10th inst. two negro fellows named Alfred and Sam, who say that they belong to James Seay, five miles below Gadsden, Richland District. Alfred is about five feet 7 or 8 inches high, and Sam is about five feet 8 or 10 inches in height; they are brothers; and when spoken to speak freely. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take them away.

June 25. JAMES W. STEEN, Jailor, F. D.

Selections.

To the Editors of the Williamsburgh Gazette:

DEAR SIRS:—What follows is a copy—not however a verbatim one—of a memorial recently laid before the Constitutional Convention at Albany. In the hope that the Convention would order it to be printed, I did not take a literal copy. The present, is made up from a rough draft of it, assisted by memory; and though differing in phrase in many places, it is essentially the same in substance, with that laid before the Convention.

To the Constitutional Convention, now in session, this Memorial of the undersigned, a citizen of the United States, resident in Williamsburg, King's County, in this State, respectfully, but most strenuously urges:

First, That in the new or revised Constitution, clear and express provision be made, for restoring to our colored fellow-citizens, that *equal right of suffrage* of which they were basely and wickedly robbed, by the framers of the present Constitution.

Second, That the third clause of second section, of article fourth, of the Constitution of the United States—usually known as the "*rendition*" clause—being an agreement to do wickedly, and therefore *utterly void in law*, being contrary also to the express command of God in the Holy Scriptures, (Deuteronomy, Chap. 23, 15th and 16th verses,) in this very case made and provided—it is urged on the Convention—as each and every member thereof shall answer therefor at the great day of account—that a declaration, clear, definite, and unmistakable, be engrafted on the new Constitution, to the effect, that the people of the State of New-York, as they *ought not*, and indeed *legally cannot*, so neither *will* they, be held any longer bound by an agreement so atrocious. And moreover, that the taking the customary oath or affirmation, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall (under penalty of forfeiture of office, for neglect or disobedience,) in all cases be with a qualification; namely, to support and maintain such Constitution, in *so far only*, as its requirements be not plainly contrary to good morals, to *settled, universal*, and IMMUTABLE *law*, and to the express command of GOD, in Holy Scripture.

To this principle—the *utter invalidity* of all *agreements*, whose *object* is *evil* and *wickedness*—your memorialist feels that it is only necessary to refer. It is universally admitted—and indeed necessarily must be—in the law courts of all Christian communities, including our own. No matter how high or how low the parties to such an agreement may be—nor whether that agreement be written or verbal, express or implied—no matter what *motives* prompted, or what *end* may be pleaded in justification—no one of these considerations—nor all of them united—neither the admitted good reputation of the parties, nor the artistical skill by which the detestable object is concealed from ordinary investigation, can have the weight of a feather, to avert or suspend the sentence of the Judge. For him it is sufficient, that in reference to its object, it is a *wicked agreement*, and *therefore* UTTERLY VOID. This is LAW, the LAW OF AGES, which, universally *admitted* and *immutable*, "hath," says Hooker, "her seat in the bosom of God. All things, both in Heaven and upon Earth, do her homage; the very least, as not beneath her protection and care; the greatest, as not exempt from her power."

But how shall the Convention *know* that this rendition clause—this *agreement* to restore the fugitive slave to his master—*is indeed* a wicked one? Accompanying this memorial, will be found Judge Stroud's "Sketch of the Laws relative to Slavery in the several States," published in 1827, long before the formation of a single abolition society—and probably before such formation was even thought of.—Of the entire system and details, of the vilest oppression which the sun has ever shone upon, this book can of course disclose but a small part. But so far as it *does* go, its testimony is invaluable, being unimpeachable. It lays bare the *roots* of this evil—it discovers the laws enacted by the Pandemonium—and the polity and government of the Infernum of American Slavery. Earnestly recommending the entire subject—so far at least, as relates to this book of Stroud's—to the investigation of the proper Committee, and to report the length, and breadth, and depth, of this enormous villany—your memorialist will only *here* advert to a single incident of it, namely; that in all the slave States, the marriages of slaves, have no *legal validity whatever!* Those States are, in consequence, and necessarily, one vast brothel, in which the bed of the slave is constantly invaded by his master, his conjugal rights violated, and his family ruthlessly separated and torn asunder, at the pleasure, or for the convenience of his owner! and yet, into this den of savage licentiousness—and, to the vengeance of his enraged master, does this rendition clause, require us to restore the unhappy fugitive!!

Is there a single individual, so besotted as to believe, or so lost to shame and self-respect, as to assert, the probability, or possibility even, of the abrogation of this wicked agreement, by means of an amendment of the Constitution of the United States? Look at the controlling influence in the administration of the General Government: look at the detestable clause or agreement itself! Consider that it is the boasted *guaranty*—the *consideration money*—the *inducement* to our Southern friends—first to become parties to the Constitution itself, and then to become the masters of these *free* and *independent* States *forsooth!* And then let us be told by him who is either foolish, or wicked enough, that the attainment of the necessary amendment to the Constitution, by the methods indicated by that instrument, is, in any view of the case, within the range of possibility.

Thus far, the argument addresses itself, with equal force, both to the Christian, and to him, who believes not in revelation. But the Christian, has an argument, independent of all that has been said, of sufficient weight and force, of itself, at once to decide him. He finds it in the Divine command, in the 23d Deuteronomy, 15 and 16 verses, which—while the vile rendition clause, directs us *to return* the fugitive—says, "Thou shalt NOT RETURN unto his master, the servant, which has escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best. Thou shalt not oppress him."

And now—your memorialist respectfully asks—what is the conclusion of this matter, and what the manifest duty of each and every member of the Convention respecting it? On the one hand is the rendition clause, whose object and intendment are unqualifiedly evil—on the other, and in direct opposition, frown the fundamental and acknowledged principles of unchangeable law, and the express commands of the Divinity! Choose ye now which of these commands ye will obey.

With whatever feelings of reluctance, or aversion to so serious an investigation, which may exist in the minds of members of the Convention, your memorialist can fully sympathize, for he also has been under their influence, in this very case. But he is pledged and vowed to the task, and wo to him if he redeem not his pledge—if he fulfil not his vow!—Nor can *each* and *every* member evade or escape the deep responsibility, which this solemn appeal, now lays upon him. Without *extreme peril*, he now no longer, can shape his course, or dispose of his vote, in this matter, with reference merely to party. He *now* has the power, and an opportunity for its exercise—never in all human probability to be again placed in his hands—of determining, so far as he is concerned, whether the express commandment of GOD, and the settled *principles* of LAW, shall in time to come have due pre-eminence—be supreme in this State—or, whether we are still, to be held bound, by the requirements of this law of the bottomless pit. What is his duty in this case, is clearly manifest: but circumstances may render its performance extremely painful. But amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life—in sickness and in sorrow, how sweet the remembrance of painful duty performed! But how shall *he* endure the anguish which must ever cleave to him, who will remember, that the duty, and the power, were once his—to "clear the skirts" of the people of this State, from any share in "this accursed thing," and that he shamefully neglected, or evaded, their just claims upon him?

Were the Divine Law paramount in the several States, as it ought to be, who does not see, that very little more of Slavery would exist among us, than the name? A slave escaping from Carolina into Georgia, or vice versa, or from any one State into another, could never be "delivered up." What master would then ill use his slave? For, if ill used, he would escape, and once escaped, could never be recovered. To place this law in its due pre-eminence—and to tear down the veil, which in this case, has hidden the settled principles of *public* law, is now the solemn duty of the Convention. Let him who is tempted to evade or neglect it, reflect on the consequences to himself. When trouble and sorrow overtake him—when the lengthening shadows of evening, admonish him, of the approach of night—when fear is on the right hand, and on the left—and he lies down on his last bed of sickness, where—where shall he look for aid in his extremity? Will the smiles of party then mitigate the pangs of dissolving nature, or soothe the gnawings of the worm that dieth not? With what shall he appear at the great Day of Account, and with what seek to propitiate his Judge, whose righteous and merciful Law he hath openly and impiously defied?

All of which is respectfully submitted to the solemn consideration of *each* and *every member* of the Convention. PETER SHAPTER.

SPEECH OF MR. MORDOUGH.

As we have given portions of Mr. Hale's speech in the New Hampshire Legislature, it is but fair that the other side should have a hearing. We copy the following as a reply to Mr. Hale, from the New Hampshire Statesman, and as a rich specimen of the intelligence of the Atherton party in the "Old Granite State":

MR. SPEAKER:—The gentleman from Dover who has last addressed you, (Mr. Low,) has told us something about the process of buying a horse. He says if he was a going to buy one, he'd be very particular about examining the animal, to find out if he was sure-footed, and sound in wind and limb; for there was a great deal of deception in horses, and it was n't always those that looked the best, and were the sleekest and fattest that was the best horses after all. That's true. But it seems to me that the "allied army" here, and particularly the Whigs, did n't remember this. There's something in the speeches and the course of the other member from Dover, (Mr. Hale,) and his present relations to the "allied army," that makes me think they have n't been quite as bright and particular as they oughter. When they made him a Senator, they did n't examine close enough, (a laugh;) at least the Whigs did n't when they took him up and made a Senator out of him. They 've been paying a tremendous high price for him, and they 've got dreadfully cheated, Sir. (Great amusement.) They took him for granted. They thought from the look and action of the horse, the way he kicked up his heels, and cocked up his ears, that he 'd turn out a dreadful fine animal. (Suppressed merriment.) Well, p'r'aps he will, Mr. Speaker, but I don't believe it yet. If he does, they 'll fare much better than we did when we had him. (Much laughing.)

Mr. Speaker, what was the gentleman's object when he went round, stumping it through the State? Was it for the good of the slave? No, Sir; no, Sir. He's talked to us here a good deal about the people, and the free, and the ladies. And he's told us how we ought to consult the ladies, and respect 'em, and ask 'em all about this abolition business. And he's talked to them too; he's a good hand at that, any how. (Laughter.) I've heerd him before. I was at a public meeting once, and heerd him speak all about it. The galleries was full, and there was a man and his wife setting right in front of one of 'em, and the woman had a little baby in her arms. And says Mr. Hale, says he—*pint*-ing right straight up to her—says he, how do you think you should feel, marm, if one of these Southern slave-drivers was to take that baby from your bosom, and sell it off for a slave forever?" "O-o-o-h!" says the woman. (Roars of laughter.) "Oh," says she, "oh, husband; oh, John, you 'll vote for that man, won't you, he's so dreadful good." (Renewed shouts.) Sir, what are gentlemen laughing at? It is a serious subject, Sir! (More laughing.)

Now, Mr. Speaker, what has all this talk been for? The gentleman from Dover and his friends have said a great deal about Slavery and the slaves. But have they ever done anything to help 'em? Not at all, Sir. The only object of Mr. HALE and his party, and with the Whigs, and allies generally, has been to rush this same Mr. JOHN P. HALE into the United States Senate. That's all! And he's been a going about the State, throwing round the perfumery of his eloquence, only jest to get himself sent there. That's all about it, Sir. (Laughter.)

Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Manchester, (Mr. CLARK) said the other day he'd slept on the gentleman's *perfumery* of eloquence over night, and when he come to think on it in the morning, he found there was n't much of anything in it, after all. (A laugh.) If the Whigs had a slept on this matter over night before they took him up, they 'd have found so too—and they'd 've been much better off than they are now. (Reiterated laughter.)

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen, this business of his is all a selfish humbug. Jest after he came out so on t'other side, I asked Mr. Hale in his own office at Dover, what he kicked up such a fuss with us for. And says he to me, "Mordough," says he, "if your Mr. PIERCE had slept on it one night more, I guess this would n't a happened." That 's what he told me. What a pity Mr. PIERCE did n't sleep on it! (Great amusement.) Perhaps if he had, things would a been different.

Mr. Speaker, I did n't mean to say so much about Mr. HALE. It 's wasting ammunition on very small game. (Peals of merriment.) But my party have been called all sorts of names, dough-faces, pro-slaveryites, and such like, and I could n't well stop. It 's my maxim when an animal attacks me—however small and insignificant he is—to brush him off. And that's what I've done with the member from Dover. (Laughter.) He 's mighty small game, Sir, but the Whigs have got him, and they must make the best of him. But they 'll find themselves, in the end, like a cow with a terrible big cud. They won't have strength to raise it.

The gentleman from Wakefield took his seat in the midst of almost deafening roars of laughter from all parts of the hall.

From the Tribune.

ANOTHER SUICIDE BY A SLAVE.

Cases of suicide among the slaves in the Southern States are becoming quite prevalent. It is only a few days since we published from the Baltimore Sun, an account of an attempt at self-destruction by a female slave in that city, in consequence of the unmerciful beatings she was in the habit of receiving at the hands of her master. The case which we publish below, is from the New Orleans Commercial Times.

"Give me Liberty or give me death," when it chanced to fall from the lips of a Henry, was deemed worthy of being transmitted to the generations who were to come after, and is now spoken by our schoolboys, and quoted by writers and speakers in this country, not only as one of the sublimest bursts of eloquence, but as one of the noblest and most exalted sentiments of which the human mind can conceive; yet when a rude and almost savage African attempts to put in practice this principle of the great Virginian, and rather than longer submit to the galling chains and blood-clotted cowskin of Slavery, deliberately and boldly meets death, he—like some of the red men in New England, who in the time of the wars of King Phillip stood up in "Savage grandeur," and received the bullets of their white enemies rather than fall into their hands—is regarded as a stupid fellow; and the dealer in human cattle passes the matter off by saying "that boy was the most obstinate nigger he ever knew," or some other equally heartless speech; and those who can see aught of nobleness or heroism in this act of the untaught and long-oppressed black man are of course dubbed "Fanatics." As this suicide occurred about the time of the anniversary of our nation's birth-day, it is not impossible that the "chattel" might have escaped from the cotton-field long enough to hear some frothy "blood" read that "rhetorical florish" of Jefferson's, (for we hear that they do sometimes read the incendiary document down South,) about "*all* men" being "created equal," &c. &c. and not having learned to construe the English language according to the rules laid down by Southern linguists, and therefore, simple-minded as he was, not knowing that "all" [illegible] "pursuit of happiness," whereupon the bloodhounds and men with rifles set out in "pursuit" of him. But there is happily one redeeming feature about this business. The editor tells his readers that "no shadow of blame can attach to any of the parties present." Certainly not. Who would think of blaming anybody for setting bloodhounds after a "nigger?" Here is the story:

"HUNG HIMSELF.—A few days since we learn that a negro man belonging to Captain Newport, of East Baton Rouge, while closely pursued by the dogs of Mr. Roark, of this parish, ascended a tree and hung himself. Mr. Roark, with Captain Newport's son-in-law and overseer, were in pursuit of a runaway slave. They did not know that this negro was out, and were surprised upon their arrival, a few minutes in the rear of the dogs, to find him suspended with his feet dangling only a foot or two from the earth. Every effort was made to restore animation but without success, although upon their coming up the body was still warm. We are pleased to learn that no shadow of blame can attach to any of the parties present. The act was one, it would seem, of resolute predetermination, as the slave was well provided with cords, which he made use of to perpetrate his suicidal purpose.

From the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TRIPOLI, 23d of April, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—I arrived here on the 18th instant, thank God, quite safe, and in the enjoyment of good health, after a traverse of fifty-nine days, from the Oasis of Ghat, via Fezzan and Mourzuk. On sitting down and making a rough calculation, I found that I had been seventy-six days on the back of a camel, and that I had performed a circuit through the Great Desert of 1,900 miles, out of which I walked on foot over the desert at the rate of about five miles per day, 380 miles. I really do not know whether I have courage to undertake this again. I can hardly believe that I have done this. It seems to me some distempered dream.

I have not time to write you a statistical account of the slave-trade of the Great Desert,—by this opportunity I will mention simply a few general results or deductions.

1st. The slave-trade is considerably on the increase in the Great Desert. This year there were some hundreds more slaves brought from Soudan than in former years, and next year promises a rich and direful harvest for the dealers in human flesh. This winter Soudan caravans brought altogether about 800 slaves to the market of Ghat. In past years only 200 or 300 were brought down.

2d. Slaves are flogged to death *en route* from the Ghat slave-mart to Tripoli; others are starved and over-driven to death. These horrible acts I saw with my own eyes; but of the Tonarghu route above Ghat, I have no personal experience. All that I heard was, that the slaves are chiefly fed on *hasheesh* "herbs," which they pick up on the route. But of course, my enlightened and humane Lord Ponsonby says, this system of periodic murder is a fundamental law of Turkish domestic society, if not of the Ottoman empire generally; so we Englishmen must need prop up this infamous system, and, whenever the necessity occurs, England must spend two or three millions sterling, instead of feeding the famished multitudes of Ireland, to maintain this same empire intact. Of this wisdom of politics, there is no possible measurement! I don't know whether Sir Stratford Canning has adopted the opinion of his predecessor; it is so wise and humane that it is worthy of all adoption.

3d. "The youngest female child (a negress, of course,) is violated by her brutal captors and masters, in coming from Central Africa to the slave-marts of the Great Desert." But not by the Touaricks in the Soudan route, it is in the Bornou route where these abominations are committed by the Tibboos.

4th. Children of five years and upwards, walk more than 130 days over the Great Desert and the other districts of Africa, before they can reach the slave-market of Tripoli to be sold! I saw several children of this tender age dragged over the desert. But I will give you geographical or caravan distances; so that there can be no mistake, and I defy all contradiction:

From Kanon to Aheer,	30 to 35 days.
Aheer to Ghat,	40 to 45 "
Ghat to Tripoli, either *via* the *road* of Fezzan or Mourzuk	40 to 50 "
Total,	130 days.

One hundred and thirty days, calculated at twenty miles per day, make the enormous distance of 2,600 miles.

NOTE.—The shorter number is the *regular* caravan, the longer the *slave-caravan*.

5th. Three-fourths of the slave-traffic of Central Africa, the Great Desert, and North Africa, is supported by the money and goods of European merchants, some of them under British protection, resident in Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Egypt." The Moorish merchants of Tripoli, Ghadmes, and other provinces of Tripoli, are men of straw, and simply agents of Jews and Christians in Tripoli, and the coast generally.

6th. A considerable traffic of slaves is carried on in the southern districts of Algiers, under French protection, by the Shânbats and Souf Arabs. This is very honorable to French civilization in North Africa.

7th. At present there are no wars in Central Africa, except those carried on solely for the capture of slaves, to supply the markets of Tripoli and Constantinople. It seems to me a real burlesque upon England's philanthropy and anti-slavery feeling, that Central Africa should be continually the scene of war and bloodshed to satiate the lusts of a brutal race of men, (Turks,) called allies of England, and said to be under English protection. The balance of power is undoubtedly a very fine thing, and very properly occupies the days and nights of all our famous diplomatists; nevertheless, in this view of the case, it is as wicked as wickedness can be—that is to say, if the right and privilege and utility of Great Britain protecting Turkey is to be purchased by permitting Turkey and Turkish subjects to carry on eternally the slave-traffic in Tripoli and Central Africa. But I am so disgusted in this view of the case, that I shall leave it to your Committee to make some energetic remonstrances to our Government.

On the 21st, I had the honor of an interview with the Bashaw, and proposed to him some regulations for mitigating the evils of the slave-trade, which, to do him justice, he faithfully promised to take into serious consideration.

Yours, faithfully,
JAMES RICHARDSON.

JOHN SCOBLE, ESQ.
Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

From the Mercer Luminary.

THE CHURCH AND SLAVERY.

The annexed communication was furnished to us during the recent session of the General Assembly, by the gentleman whose name is appended to it, and who is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, now in charge of a congregation in the State of Indiana. The facts presented, exhibit the close connection existing between the Southern church and Slavery—the advantages derived to the former, and the interest it has in perpetuating a system by which it has its gains. How long before such a church will effect the overthrow of Slavery! What can the friends of emancipation hope from the labors of pastors, in preaching "deliverance to the captives," whose salaries are wrung from the unrequited toil of the bondman, hired out to the highest bidder, for this purpose? How truly may it be charged upon the Southern church, that it "builds up Zion with iniquity, and Jerusalem with blood!"

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Agreeably to your request, I will inform you of some of the workings of Slavery in the Church. Let me premise that I have lived eight years in a slave State, (Va.) Received my theological education at the Union Theological Seminary, situated in Prince Edward county, (Va.,) near the Hamden Sydney College. Those who know anything about Slavery, know the worst kind is jobbing Slavery—that is, the hiring out of slaves [illegible] protect them. It is the interest of the one who hires them, to get the worth of his money out of them, and the loss is the master's if he dies.

"What shocked me more than anything else, was the Church engaged in this jobbing of slaves. The college church which I attended, and which was attended by all the students of Hamden Sydney College and Union Theological Seminary, held slaves enough to pay their pastor, Mr. Stanton, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS a year, of which the church members did not pay a cent, (so I understood it.) The slaves, who had been left to the church by some pious mother in Israel, had increased so as to be a large and still increasing fund. These were hired out on Christmas day of each year, the day in which they celebrate the birth of our blessed Saviour, to the highest bidder. These worked hard the whole year to pay the pastor his $1,000 a year, and it was left to the caprice of their employers whether they ever heard one sermon for which they toiled hard the whole year to procure. This was the church in which the professors of the seminary and the college often officiated. Since the Abolitionists have made so much noise about the connection of the Church with Slavery, the Rev. Elisha Balenter informed me the church had sold this *property*, and put the money in *other stock*.

"There were four other churches near the College Church, that were in the same situation with this, when I was in that country, that supported the pastor, in whole or in part, in the same way, viz: Cumberland Church, John Kirkpatrick, pastor; Briny Church, William Plummer, pastor, (since Dr. P. of Richmond;) Buffalo Church, Mr. Cochran, pastor; Pisga Church, near the peaks of Otter, J. Mitchell, pastor. This is the church where Mr. Turner preached, and used to electrify the State by his eloquence.

What disposition these churches have made with their slaves, I have not been able to learn. I leave these simple statements of fact, without coloring or comment, for you and other Christians to draw the conclusions for yourselves.

"I am, Sir, yours, for the honor of the Church.
J. CABLE."

From the British and Foreign Reporter.

THE FRENCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

ALGIERS.

The French Anti-Slavery Society has lately addressed the following petition to the Chamber of Deputies, praying for the abolition of Slavery in Algeria. We trust the discussion on the subject will not be deferred until the next session.

PETITION.

MESSIEURS:—The Bey of Tunis has abolished Slavery in his dominions. Europe is moved by this news. France is proud to see those principles, first proclaimed by her, sixty years since, penetrate into the countries of barbarous nations. In order to suppress piracy she sent her arms into Algeria. A mission having civilization for its end, such was the reason, such is now the title of her conquest. Thus only can she justify herself for having lavished so much treasure and so much blood on the soil of Africa. France would be unfaithful to her mission if she did not use her best efforts to extirpate the evil of Slavery from these new regions which Providence has confided to her.

Up to this time, everything shows that the present administration of Algeria is far from tending to this end, and of endeavoring to do away with the obstacles to its accomplishment.

According to a document published by the Minister of War, there exists, in Algeria, in the towns and localities subject to the sway of the civil Government, about 1,300 negro slaves. Those contained in the towns and in parts of the country subject to military rule, may be numbered at about 8,000 or 9,000. Total, nearly 10,000. This number, much reduced by the departure or the poverty of several of the higher families, remains stationary in every part of the territory.

According to the same document, it appears that at Constantine, within the French dominions, the slaves are treated with much greater severity by their masters than they were during the time of the Beys.

Thus, after fifteen years of occupation, the statement of the Government itself makes it appear that, in some respects, the state of affairs, instead of being improved, is actually in a worse condition than it was at the time of the conquest.

It is affirmed that the importation of slaves becomes more and more unfrequent. This assertion is refuted by official documents. At Constantine, where apparently "the introduction had ceased, the number of slaves does not diminish, because the great tribes of the Sahari, the Talaghma, the Abd-el-Nour, the Harratas, dispose of their slaves to the townspeople." The trade, in some points less ostensible, continues in reality, and that is why the number of slaves does not decrease.

It is true that their lot, aggravated at Constantine, is less hard in the other parts of the kingdom. It is, nevertheless, an avowed fact, that at Algiers, the slaves come to our magistrates, begging their emancipation, and asking to be employed as free workmen. Authority opposes to them the terms of the Convention signed by Marshal Bourmount, and the Dey of Algiers, in which it is guaranteed "that the liberty and property of all classes of the inhabitants shall be respected." Without laying hold of the ambiguity of the terms made use of, the argument drawn from them in favor of Slavery, should be limited, after all, like the capitulation, to the town of Algiers.

The negroes introduced into our African possessions are brought from Bornou, the country of Haussa, and, sometimes, even from Timbuctoo.—The purchasers hasten their march across the desert as much as possible, on account of their fear lest the neighboring tribes should pursue them. Of all the ways ever made use of for the trade this is, perhaps, the most brutal; numbers of negroes fall during the period employed in crossing the desert—victims of fatigue, want of water, and privations of all kinds. Thus, numbers of men perish annually, to keep up the number of 10,000 slaves of Algeria; for Slavery there requires constant supplies; and it is a well-established fact, that "in the Tell, the negro children with great difficulty can stand the climate."

A letter from Marshal Bugeaud declares that there are no more slave markets in Algiers, Bona, and Oran. The honor of their suppression is probably due to that spontaneous and energetic instinct which renders the sight of a market for the sale of human flesh intolerable to the French colonists who have recently gone over from their mother country. But this is only a local fact. The administration ought to make it general. To work efficaciously at the abolition of Slavery in Algeria, we must consider abolition a duty. Such should be the thought, the watchword of the military and civil officers, of the magistrates, and indeed of all the functionaries of the colony. Unhappily it is not so. The Governor-General, on the contrary, seems to wish to palliate the vices of Slavery. Under the pretext that we ought to regulate this branch of commerce with the interior of Africa, he has been led on by degrees to become the defender of the trade.

However, the French code has included the slave-trade in the list of crimes. The ninth article of the law, passed on March 4th, 1831, pronounces the penalty of from six months to five years, imprisonment on any one who shall wilfully have concealed, bought, or sold a black introduced by the traffic. The Chambers, the organs of public sentiment, have named the slave-trade "*the infamous traffic.*" To repress it we enrol soldiers, we equip fleets, when with little expense we can attain in Algeria that end which we pursue at sea at so much expense, through so many perils and so many difficulties. If we tolerate Slavery in the province, we indirectly encourage the trade.

Even the principle of abolition is written in our public laws. If this principle, again reiterated by the laws of 1845, only receives a gradual application in our colonies, it is because there the number of slaves equals or exceeds that of the masters; and that legislators have wished to be cautious in effecting the transition from slavery to liberty. Similar circumstances cannot be alleged as existing in Algeria.

Doubtless we must avoid impoverishing the poor people who, in the towns, already suffer from the dearness of provisions; but legislation could [illegible] the disposal. The administration itself seems to think, that if the trade were suppressed in an efficacious manner, it would, in a short time, be enough to abolish slavery in Algeria.

Looking at it in the sense of the interest of the slaves, the consequences of liberation would not inspire any inquietude; since, in the colony, "the number of free negroes is equal to, if not greater than the number of slaves; and the former, whose numbers increase every year, find advantageous employment under the civil Government."

To resume, we pray that the law prohibiting the trade may be applied in Algeria, that the introduction of slaves thereinto, both by land and by sea, may be interdicted; that those imported from this time forth may be considered free, and that no slave-market whatever may be tolerated.

In the second place, it should be proclaimed that Slavery in Algeria shall be abolished with the shortest possible delay.

That, which the Bey of Tunis could do in favor of humanity, and of the liberty of mankind, shall France, Christian, and liberal France, of the nineteenth century, be unable to accomplish? Shall men be obliged to fly from the French dominions in order to recover in a Mussulman country their undeniable right to liberty?

(Signed)	CH. D'ASSAILLY.
DUFANT.	DUTRONE.
A. HAIN.	LUTTEROTH.
V. SCHELCHER.	A. THAYER.

Communications.

WHO DOES NOT PITY THE SLAVE?

Who is the slave, that we should pity him? The slave! Knowest thou not, kind reader, that a slave is a man, and at the same time a chattel, a thing—the presumed property of his fellow-man—subject, like other property to be bought and sold—subject to be separated from all that is considered near and dear in life—not by death only—but by the caprice or discretion of his fellow-man. Who, then, does not pity the slave? I would that the question could be answered, "that person cannot be found."

That the poor slave is pitied—truly, and sincerely pitied, but by a very few, is painfully evident. Perhaps that person cannot be found who will say that he does *not* pity him. But where's the evidence? Certainly, it is not in saying so, and then showing no evidence in conduct. It is not in calling the war with Mexico unholy, and unjust, and instigated by the dark, demoniac spirit of Slavery, and then joining an army for the overthrow of the Mexicans, and the extension of slave territory. It is not in calling those laws cruel, and oppressive, which in their operation, imprison a Torrey, or brand a Walker, and then make no sacrifice, or *do* nothing for their families. It is not in calling slaveholders man-stealers, and then aid them to the highest official rank in our nation.

It is not in professing to be an Abolitionist, and giving no other evidence of being one than pointing out the imperfections of those engaged in the Anti-Slavery cause. And I am unable to discover satisfactory evidence of

plantation—grows the cotton which is afterwards converted into shirts. A man comes to me, and says I must give up that woman, that she may go to her husband.—The fact comes to my knowledge that this agent, and the man represented to be her husband, have upon their backs the identical cotton which this woman has helped raise. What is the natural answer? "*Why, what will you do for shirts?*" More anon.

LORENZO MABBETT.

Sodus Bay, (Alton P. O.) 7th month 1st, 1846.

SOME OTHER FACTS FOR THE WORLD'S CONVENTION, WHICH ARE FACTS WITHOUT MISTAKE.

I perceive, from a late number of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, that some very severe remarks are made, in relation to the Rev. W. Patton, and his church of this city. Occupying as I do his pulpit during his absence, and standing somewhat in his place, it may become me to do all I can in protecting both himself and his people from misrepresentation so unceremonious. I therefore send you for publication, if you please, the following statements, on the truth of which, I believe you may fully rely.

The article in question is intended for the British eye, in August next; for it is headed—"A fact for the World's Convention." It, therefore, was intended to reach my much-esteemed brother on the floor of that assembly. The arrow was meant to enter his bosom just exactly where it will make him bleed the most; and at a time, too, when, in his ignorance of the occurrence, he may hardly know how to cure the wound.

Now, I know not what an influence such an article, from such a paper, might exert upon such an assemblage, in such a nation, at such a time as this. But I do fear, that it will serve to distress and embarrass my brother in Christ, and to sow the seeds of discord, where all should be harmony. I, therefore, send you some real facts, about which there is no mistake,—that the cure may go along with the curse, to the World's Convention,—and I hope you will publish them forthwith, insomuch that they may reach Old England in season. Poison, thrown into the human system, should be counteracted *at once*, before it has time to work among our members. I say, then,

1. That Dr. Patton had no part whatever in the matter of Mr. McLain's preaching in his pulpit.

2. It is utterly false that Mr. McLain was invited in such hot haste, and reckless indifference, as to "the quality of the food" to be given, as the article represents. It was not at all in view of my sudden illness, that the invitation was given; for that was done before my illness occurred. The foresight and provision belonged to Divine Providence.

3. The invitation was given with my consent, by an elder of the church, who is a most decided anti-slavery man, opposed to slaveholding, for mercenary purposes, in toto; as he has told me once and again.

4. The invitation was given at the request of a much-esteemed member of the congregation, who was a friend of Mr. McLain, and who wanted the privilege of hearing him. All that is said, then, about the "hungry Church," &c. is entirely unfounded.

5. When the elder, above mentioned, gave the invitation to Mr. McLain, at the request of his friend, he, the elder, knew not that Mr. McLain was a slaveholder. Nor did he know, until some days thereafter, what Mr. McLain's views were on the subject of Slavery.

6. After Mr. McLain had preached, and it had become known that he was a slaveholder, the Session of the Church had a meeting *expressly* on the subject, which I attended, and at which it was resolved, unanimously I believe, that, in future, they would make more careful inquiries as to the slaveholding characteristics of ministers of the Gospel, coming from the South, before they were invited into the sacred desk. It is *my* sentiment, and I believe it is the sentiment of Dr. Patton, and his Session, that all slaveholding *for mercenary* or *sensual* purposes is a sin—that all holding of man *as property*, for our *own personal gain or gratification*, is inconsistent with the law of Christian love—and we will not, knowingly, invite such individuals either to our pulpits or communion tables. And, yet, if I mistake not—it is our belief, that there may be cases, in which the very best of men may sustain, for a season, in the eye of human law, the relation of a master to a slave. We, therefore, would look at every case, as it comes along, and decide it according to its *own merits*. I may mistake, here, as to the real views of the brethren in this church. If the National Anti-Slavery Standard wishes to understand them perfectly, I would suggest, that, before it again publishes them to the world, it goes, as God, in the 18th chapter of Mathew directs, and converses with them *privately*. Its object should be to reclaim, and not to expose, and pour contempt on the erring. A good cause will admit of no such measures. Exposures, and wide publications to the universe of human misconduct, come not from God, *until* the *Day* of *Judgment*, when all efforts to reclaim have proved ineffectual. Let us profit by his example.

As to what is said about the "Jim-Crow pew," in Dr. Patton's Church, I will remark, that there are quite a number of them there, and very commodious ones too—situated not in the lowest room, but near the head of the table, close by the master of the ceremonies. Indeed they are placed, conspicuous, right over the heads of the white worshippers underneath them—higher up a little towards Heaven than even the pulpit itself, at Dr. Patton's right hand, and near his heart, I have no doubt. They are seated just as the Son of God himself is seated, viz:—*on high*, above the great congregation, in the eye of all, and by the right hand of his best friend. Who will scorn the position? Who will call it the Jim-Crow pew of Jesus Christ? And when the communion Sabbath come, I saw no other "respectful distance" maintained between the colored, and white people, than that one sat in one pew, and the other in the next.

Yours, &c.

WILLIAM PAGE.

The Cause in Western New York.

Farmington, 7th mo. 1846.

Friend Gay:—The campaign has been commenced in this State, and will be proseguted with vigor. I appointed some meetings for C. L. Remond last week, who advised me that he would be here on the 4th, but he was detained on the way, and the people were disappointed. Rather a bad beginning. They came together to listen to his clarion notes, but got nothing but such tin-horn blasts as I could give them. Remond is now on hand, ready to do battle for freedom. Two meetings this week at Waterloo, in an "upper chamber"—the only place where Anti-Slavery is allowed to go in that place. Every meeting-house, and the court house, is closed against the advocates of the slave. Had a large meeting at Seneca Falls, in the Wesleyan Chapel. The people in that place are anxious for another. We shall hold a convention there ere long.

Our two dauntless and persevering friends, E. D. Hudson, and Wm. W. Brown, are laboring successfully in Chatauque and Cattaraugus counties. To show a little how things are going on there, I give the following extract from a letter which I have just received from a friend of mine:

"During the last few days, I have been in company with neighbor Brown, who is lecturing in the neighborhood. Fredonia, the place where we now are, is considered the most pro slavery place in this county. The Abolitionists told us that we should not be able to obtain a congregation of more than a dozen, and they had only given out one appointment for yesterday afternoon. We held our meeting, and had a few more than we expected, though it was but a small meeting. But last evening, friend Brown, with myself, went on to the public square, and began to sing. We commenced under very discouraging circumstances, not a single person besides ourselves present. We sang first, "I am an Abolitionist," and the low and the vulgar began to deride; and when we had finished that song, no one came near, so we sang, "Come join the Abolitionists," and by the time we had finished that song, we had quite a respectable audience. W. W. Brown gave a first-rate lecture, and our congregation continued to increase until he finished, which was early candle light, when we adjourned to the Baptist meeting-house. We had one of the largest assemblies which was ever collected in Fredonia, for an anti-slavery meeting. I addressed them a short time, while friend Brown recruited his strength, when he gave us another flaming speech. This afternoon, we have had another meeting, and shortly we go on to the green again, to have another meeting in the open air, preparatory to our evening meeting. We expect to have a very large audience, and a good meeting."

It will be seen by this that all that is wanting is a little perseverance. This is a good soil, and will yield bountifully if properly cultivated. There is an increasing willingness to hear upon the great subject of human liberty. In many places the people are waiting in impatient anxiety for meetings and conventions. They are getting tired of this load of Slavery, which draws not only upon their consciences, but their purses, and are anxious to be doing something.

"There 's a better time a coming."

We shall have more agents in the field before long, and hope to be able to report progress.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Anti-Slavery Meeting at Farmington.

Friend Gay:—We held a meeting on the 10th, at Farmington, which was addressed by our friend, Charles Lenox Remond. It was an interesting one. The house was much crowded, and a number went away, who could not gain admittance. It was held in the Wesleyan Methodist meeting-house, which is not a large building, but is *always open* to Anti-Slavery. The orthodox Friends' house, where we commonly hold our meetings, was undergoing repairs, and not in a *useable* condition. The Hicksite Friends' house, the largest, and most commodious building in town, is *bolted* and *barred* against Anti-Slavery meetings, notwithstanding the *majority* of the owners and occupants are opposed to having it shut.

Of those who *believe* that the house ought not to be opened, I have nothing to say—but those who think it ought to be opened, and who have the power to open it, and yet, who, for the purpose of maintaining the *unity*, submit to have it shut, seem to forget that *purity* should come before *peace*—and that if they would maintain *unity* with liberty and humanity, they should not thus yield up their convictions, and neglect to exercise their power. They seem to forget that when they shut their doors against the advocates of Anti-Slavery, they shut out and crucify the cause itself; and that the slave, as he goes to his daily toil, followed by the whip of the task-master, may justly charge such as being traitors to freedom, and infidels to humanity.

Meetings at Rochester on the afternoons and evenings of the 20th and 21st. The authorities granted the free use of the Court-house. The afternoon services were not large. Both evenings the house was well filled—as many as could be comfortably seated, besides some standing. Many persons were present who have not been in the habit of attending such meetings. There seems to be a spirit of inquiry awakened, and the people are anxious to hear on this subject. The first afternoon was mainly taken up by setting forth the principles, aims, and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society. At the opening of the evening session, a committee was appointed to present resolutions on the following afternoon. Remond occupied the remainder of the evening in showing that no man at the North was, or could be free, while we consent to the enslavement of our brethren at the South; which he did in a most felicitous manner, to the satisfaction of the audience.

At the next session, the following resolutions were presented and supported by L. M. More and myself, and adopted without a dissenting voice:

Whereas, the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its auxiliaries, solemnly protested, by resolution and otherwise, against the unjust and unconstitutional annexation of Texas to this Union, for the purpose of adding strength to, facilitating, and perpetuating the unhallowed system of Slavery,

And whereas, the country is now engaged in an unjust and aggressive war against the feeble State of Mexico, for the same unwarrantable and disgraceful purpose, therefore,

Resolved, That this meeting enters its solemn protest against the war in which our country is at present engaged, and before God and the civilized world, we hold the Chief Magistrate of this nation, his aiders and abettors, as criminally responsible for the destruction of life, and great tax upon the national resources resulting from this war,

Resolved, That this meeting considers the disfranchisement of a large portion of the citizens of the Empire State, for causes and circumstances over which the victims have no control, uncalled for and wicked, alike inconsistent and incompatible with republican and democratic institutions, and earnestly entreats every lover of impartial liberty to restore to this much-injured and abused portion of their countrymen, their political rights so long withheld; inducing thereby a faithful and ardent exhibition on the part of the recipients, of that "GALLANTRY AND PATRIOTISM" which our distinguished Executive deems so commendable in the American citizen.

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting, that the American Anti-Slavery Society, by its devotion to principle, its perseverance and fidelity in the prosecution of its measures,—the cheering results of its efforts, amidst the numerous, and defying onsets and encroachments of the slave-power in our country—maintaining as it has done for all, at the risk of the property, reputation, and lives of its members, the rights of speech, petition, and the press, entitles it to our high regard and cordial support and co-operation.

Resolved, That this meeting recommends to every friend of immediate emancipation and equal rights, the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and faithful exponent of its principles, objects, and measures.

The evening was occupied by Remond, who fully answered the high expectations which his speech on the first evening had excited. I think a good work is begun in Rochester, which we propose to follow up by a large convention not many weeks hence. Great preparations are making for the Fair on Christmas week.

A valuable box of Indian curiosities has already been received from a lady at Mackinaw, Mich. with a promise of more. We intend, if possible, to secure the Hutchinsons during the week of the Fair, and hope to do something worth while.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Farmington, 7th mo. 22d, 1846.

From the Tribune.

Dispatches by Magnetic Telegraph.

Later from the Army.—The steamship James L. Day, Capt. Griffin, arrived at New Orleans on the 18th instant, from Brazos Santiago, which place she left on the 15th.

The news is four days later, and of considerable interest, and especially as the announcement that a deputation from the British Navy arrived at Fort Polk upon business with Gen. Taylor, calculated to excite curiosity and speculation. The troops were being sent forward as fast as the means of transportation and the high water would allow.

The Andrew Jackson Regiment left for Reynosa on the 9th instant, and Col. Davis moved up the river on the 10th instant. An article in the American Flag of the 10th instant, informs us that broils occasionally break out between the volunteers and Mexicans, resulting in death. That paper states that Gen. Taylor uses every exertion to prevent persons attached to the army, from disturbing the citizens of Matamoros.

The Mexican authorities are urged to use more attention in keeping their citizens in order, and dispersing them when engaged in riotous proceedings. Some of Canale's men are supposed to be lurking about Matamoros for purposes of rapine and murder. A young American soldier was found near the office of the American Flag on the 9th instant with his throat dreadfully cut, and his heart pierced with several dangerous wounds; the murderer has not yet been discovered. The Rio Grande was still rising on the 10th. In several places about Matamoros it had overflowed its banks.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1846.

The Standard.

Our new subscribers perhaps do not understand that we have a number of contributors to the editorial columns of the Standard. Our list is not yet full, nor our plans entirely matured; so soon, however, as these arrangements are completed, we shall be enabled to acquaint our readers with precisely what they may expect for the future. In the meantime they will rest assured that some one or more of the contributors, who have been already named, are writing for every number of the paper.

Some other Facts for the World's Convention, which are Facts, "and no mistake!"

We cannot refrain from tendering our sincere thanks to the Rev. William Page, whose letter will be found in another column, for his strong, though unintentional confirmation of the article which appeared in the *Standard* some two or three weeks ago. As Mr. Page is the occupant of the Rev. Dr. Patton's pulpit during his absence in England, and as he deems the facts we have stated as of no slight importance, we trust they may command the attention they deserve from the World's Convention. We have sown the seeds of truth, and if they prove the "seeds of discord" also, it must be because they will fall upon ground fruitful of error and falsehood, where good fruit cannot grow without a struggle with the evil. Yet had we no intention of "distressing" or "embarrassing" the Rev. Doctor, by our article; but if it should have that effect, we should not consider it as good cause of self-reproach. We might regret that his relation to the Church was of that character that a simple statement of facts could cause him distress or embarrassment, but surely we are not to blame that he sustains such a relation. On the contrary, we, in common with the great body of the Abolitionists, have labored for years to bring the Northern Church to a knowledge of its true position, and to convince its ministry that they, as the conservators of public morality, and the acknowledged spiritual guides of the people, are deeply guilty in this matter. It is his own fault if he has not listened to the voice of entreaty and of rebuke; his own fault if he has not learnt the necessity of a new application of the religion of Jesus to the condition of the poor and suffering slave; and his misfortune if he has been so unmindful of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause, that like the foolish virgins, he is found, when the bridegroom is coming, with his lamp untrimmed, and his oil wasted.

We do not plead guilty to the charge of our correspondent of misrepresentation, in any material point affecting the essential truth of our statement. We acknowledge, however, that we were unceremonious. We did not, indeed, think the case was one which required any great degree of ceremony. Dr. Patton's church is a public body, and like all such, open to animadversion. It is, moreover, a professedly Christian Church, and sets itself upon a hill that its light may be seen of all men. If any man believes that light a mere *ignis fatuus*, it is his duty to cry aloud, and spare not. We pursue precisely the same course towards Dr. Patton's church, that it, and he, does towards others. When they refrain from denouncing what they esteem the vital errors of other churches, we will not promise that we also will refrain from exposing what we deem their practical infidelity, but we will acknowledge that our course is not justified by theirs. If, however, Mr. Page thinks it our duty to "converse privately" with the brethren, we assure him we are ready to do so, the moment an opportunity may be afforded us. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than a conference with the Church upon the whole subject of Slavery, at

Let us glance briefly at the charges of misrepresentation.

1. That Dr. Patton had no part whatever in inviting Mr. McLain to the pulpit.

We expressly stated that the invitation was given upon an emergency, after Dr. Patton had sailed for Europe. What moral agency he had in the matter, we shall see presently.

2. That Mr. McLain was not invited in such haste and indifference as we asserted, or for the cause we gave.

This charge contradicts the other. If we said he was invited in "hot haste," we could not have said that Dr. Patton, who was on his way to Europe, had any hand in it; and here is a "reckless indifference" to the truth, not becoming one who accuses us in the same breath of falsehood. But this is a small matter.

We marvel, however, that for his own sake, Mr. Page should have made the acknowledgment he has done. Our statement was, that the emergency was a pressing one, and that as the quantity of the food to be dealt out to the hungering flock was of more consequence than the quality, hands were laid upon the first stray shepherd that could be found. Our reverend friend might have put in the plea of ignorance of the qualities of the shepherd, and have extenuated in some slight degree the error of the choice by the want of time to learn it. But he prefers to plead guilty to our supposition, that there was an especial preference for the one that was made. It is for him an unfortunate admission. The act, then, was not a sudden one. There was no emergency to be provided for. There was no haste, no seizing upon the first clergyman that could be found, lest the pulpit be empty. But all was done decently, and in order. Time enough was had for a deliberate choice, and in a city where one can hardly get out of the shadow of the steeples of orthodox churches, and where clergymen are more plenty than the steeples, the choice fell upon a SLAVEHOLDER. We cheerfully make the correction, and acknowledge our information was incorrect.

3. & 4. The invitation was given with the consent of the officiating clergyman, by an Elder of the Church, and at the request of an esteemed member of the congregation, and a friend of Mr. McLain. The Elder "is a most decided Anti-Slavery man;" which it seems, however, is one who is "opposed to slaveholding for mercenary purposes."

5. The elder was not aware that Mr. McLain was a slaveholder, nor what were his views upon the subject of Slavery.

Now the *esteemed member* of the congregation is himself, a Southerner, and the son of a slaveholder. We cannot learn that he has not inherited his father's principles notwithstanding he is a theological student, as he probably will inherit his slaves. At any rate, the fact, that he is a Southerner, and connected so nearly with slaveholders, taken together with the fact that Mr. McLain is also from the South, would, we should think, have made an "Anti-Slavery man," as the elder is claimed to be, careful in his inquiries as to the character of him whom he was about to invite to occupy Dr. Patton's pulpit. But this we may presume neither the elder nor the minister thought it worth while to do.

7. It was afterwards ascertained, however, that Mr. McLain is a slaveholder, and *then* a meeting of the Session was called, and it resolved, "unanimously, I believe," says Mr. Page, "that in future they would make more careful inquiries as to the *slaveholding characteristics* of *ministers of the Gospel*, (!) coming from the South, before they were invited into the sacred desk."—This, it seems to us, is crying wolf! wolf! after the lambs are stolen, though of course we are glad to know that the Session have determined to do that for the future, which we have contended they did not do, and ought to have done before; and have thereby acknowledged that they have been guilty of that wherewith we charged them, namely: that in their zeal that the requisite quantity of food for the flock should not be wanting, they were careless of its quality. And we, moreover, contend that Dr. Patton has been faithless to his people, in his testimony upon this great national sin, or they never would have admitted a man from south of Mason and Dixon's line to his pulpit, and afterward have been under the necessity of calling a meeting of the Session to decide whether for the future it would be best to inquire if the clergymen who were to minister at their altar, were living in open violation of the first principles of Christianity! Mr. Page may deny that the Doctor had anything to do with the invitation to Mr. McLain.—But to our thinking he had a great deal to do with it. Who is Mr. McLain? It was known that he was a Southerner. It was known that the man who urged that he be invited, was also a Southerner. But we can hardly conceive it possible that it was not known that the General Assembly of this Church had just finished a protracted session, in which nearly a fortnight was consumed in discussing the subject of Slavery, and the relation of the Church thereto; that in that discussion, the entire South were united against any action being taken; that Mr. McLain was a leading member of the Southern Delegation; and that his name stood first of those who protested against the resolutions which the Assembly adopted. All these things were reported from week to week, as they occurred, in the orthodox papers of this city, as well as the speech of Mr. McLain, who defended Slavery as a divine institution. Yet, Mr. Page, and this Anti-Slavery elder, and this Anti-Slavery Session, were ignorant of all these notorious facts, or if they knew them, had no suspicion that the Mr. McLain, of Mississippi, who had just arrived in this city, was *the* Mr. McLain, of the General Assembly, but deliberately and innocently invited him to preach from their pulpit. We are bound to believe this, for Mr. Page says it was so, but it is the most remarkable instance of guileless simplicity that we remember to have heard of.

But, after all, suppose they had known it; suppose the Session had previously met, and voted, as Mr. Page says they now have; and suppose they had known that Mr. McLain was a slaveholder, and defended Slavery as in accordance with the divine law. What, then? When another Southerner urges them to invite him to the pulpit, what could they do? Why, "make more careful inquiries as to the slaveholding characteristics" of this minister of the Gospel! They would say to him,—"Mr. McLain, are you a slaveholder?" His answer would be in that straight-forward way, for which we admire the slaveholders, and in which Northern pro-slavery men are so remarkably deficient,—"I am!" Then applying that wonderfully stringent and most Christian principle, which Mr. Page deems worthy of italicising, they would again ask,—"But, Mr. McLain, what is your particular slaveholding characteristic?" Do you hold slaves for 'mercenary or sensual purposes, or for your own personal gain or gratification?' Weigh well your answer, Sir, for, on it depends your entrance to our pulpit." "No, gentlemen!" he would reply; "I scorn the imputation. I hold on to the niggers, entirely for their eternal and temporal welfare, and to the glory of God!" With what gravity, then, would the anti-slavery elder,—whose secular title is, Member of the Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,—announce to the Session:—"Gentlemen, I do not see that the slaveholding characteristics of Mr. McLane should debar him from feeding our flock with the bread of life on the ensuing Sabbath!"

We are strongly tempted to enlarge somewhat upon this seventh proposition of Mr. Page, but it does not need, even had we not already occupied more room than we intended. We have only a word or two to add on the "Jim-Crow Pew."

We confess that we are astonished at the tone of levity with which Mr. Page treats this subject. Our charge was simply this: That, in Dr. Patton's church, which he and his people assume to be the house of God, a portion of God's children, humble, and poor, and lowly, they may be, but, none the less the children of our common Father for that, are treated with obloquy and contempt, and set apart by themselves as a marked and hated race. We have here Mr. Page's acknowledgment of the fact, in words, which no [illegible] bake however withering, no sarcasm however cutting, can equal. He only adds the keenest insult to the injury which he and his class are ever visiting upon the colored race. We wonder that even the worst form of the vulgar and wicked prejudice against color could betray an accredited "minister of the Gospel" into a comparison, which, when we remember why the colored man is placed "*on high*," and consider also his own faith that the "Son is seated at the right hand of the Father to judge the quick and the dead," seems little less than blasphemy.

In conclusion, we would again tender our thanks to Mr. Page. We consider the present number of our paper a most valuable document to go before the World's Convention. It contains an authentic and most striking picture of a Northern church, represented in that Convention by its minister, and drawn with a masterly hand by his substitute during his absence. If Dr. Patton is not disturbed and embarrassed now, it will not be Mr. Page's fault.

Annual Meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti Slavery Society.

This meeting of the true-hearted men and women of Eastern Pennsylvania, is to take place on Wednesday, of next week, the 6th of August, at Kennett Meeting-House, in Chester county. The announcement of the fact to our readers in that section of the country, is enough to insure its being an immense gathering. It does not need that there should be any loud rallying-cry to bring many hundreds to the annual gatherings of the Pennsylvanians. They are never wanting to the cause. In no part of the country are Abolitionists more ready to throng to such meetings, nor do they expend their zeal on these, for they never forget their duties at home for the rest of the year.

We have not this year to announce to them that any of those whom they specially delight to honor, from abroad, will be with them. Garrison is tossing on the Atlantic. Douglass is thundering at the portals of the Free Church of Scotland—"SEND BACK THAT MONEY." Buffum is not yet rested from his transatlantic trip where he has done such good service. Remond is teaching the besotted people of this State that a man may be wise and eloquent and true to the dignity of his own manhood who has a colored skin, whether he has a freehold estate or not. None of these to whom at their two last anniversaries, our friends have sat the long summer days and listened patiently and gladly, and have only wished the days were longer, can be with them. Quincy, to whom they would give the welcome of a long-cherished friend, must stay at home to fill a vacant post. The Fosters, the disturbers of the peace and quiet of their Quaker neighbors, are turning up the virgin soil of the West, and reaping a magical harvest as they go. And Phillips, whose eloquence as powerful as it is captivating, they have only heard of, and have so long wished to hear, is again prevented by domestic duties from gratifying both himself and them. Yet much as the presence of any, or of all of these would add to the interest of the meeting, they are not needed to call the people together, or to make the occasion one from which they will return to their homes with hearts filled with new zeal, and minds stored with new knowledge to labor each after his own fashion, and in his own sphere, for the millions in bonds.

Yet can there be no lack of interest or importance in a meeting which calls together the people of Eastern Pennsylvania. They need no foreign importations whose domestic manufacture can supply their wants. Eloquence is as "dog-cheap" among them there, as in Massachusetts, and their will be no want of it where the Burleighs, McKim, Purvis, Whitson, Pugh, Davis, Mott, the Grews, and many others are. The cultivated and accomplished eloquence which long habit gives, as well as the unstudied but stirring words which come warm from the hearts of earnest men and women, who are laboring with the self-forgetfulness and devotion worthy of a "martyr-age," will not be wanting in that old Kennett Meeting-House next week. He will not lose his labor who goes there to listen, and he who goes with the far higher motive of strengthening himself and his neighbors in the good cause, will feel that the blessing of the poor and friendless, that choicest blessing, the gratitude of the slave is his who is faithful to the end.

Herald of Freedom.

At the late annual meeting of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society it was voted to discontinue the *Herald of Freedom* for the present, and transfer its subscription list to this office, till the paper shall be re-established, if it should be thought best to do so at some future time. We have received the list from Mr. Ela, and the subscribers to the *Herald* will receive the present number of the *Standard*. We will thank them all to take heed of this article.

A certain portion of them are already subscribers to the *Standard*, and to those, of course, we send no extra paper. Those, however, who have paid for the *Herald* in advance, are entitled to an extra number of our paper for the time paid, and it shall be sent to their address, or that of any other person, upon their order.

Another portion, who are not subscribers to our paper, but have paid for the *Herald* in advance, will receive the *Standard*, at the rate of one dollar *per annum*, for as long as they have paid for the *Herald*. They will continue subscribers to the *Standard* or not, as they prefer, when that time has expired.

A third class are those who are in arrears to the *Herald*, or have only paid to the date of its discontinuance. These, of course, are not entitled to the *Standard*. That they may have the opportunity, however, of becoming subscribers, the paper will be sent to them *one month*. From the four numbers, they can judge of the character of the paper, and whether it will supply to them the place of that they have lost. All who wish then to become subscribers, will send us, *within the month, one dollar in advance*, for the ensuing year. Those who do not do this, we shall presume do not wish to subscribe, and shall therefore cross their names from the list, at the end of the month.

We propose this plan to the subscribers of the *Herald* as the most convenient one for all parties, and one about which there can be no mistake. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing the hope that they will all become subscribers to the *Standard*, at least till the *Herald* is re-established, if not longer. When that time comes, that paper will again be offered to them for their support.

First of August.

By the notices in another column, it will be seen that our friends in Massachusetts intend to make, as usual, the proper use of this day. Such use of it should be general. Wherever there is an Abolitionist, a place should be provided, and the people called together, and told, what many of them do not yet know, that this day is the anniversary of Emancipation in the British West India Islands, where eight hundred thousand slaves were immediately "set loose," and have been loose ever since; that they have cut nobody's throats, and that the country is not ruined, but on the contrary a domestic enemy has been transformed into a happy and improving peasantry. These occasions are neglected too much among us. They may be made productive of great good.

A meeting is to be held in this city on Sunday evening, for a notice of which see another column.

Send Back that Money!

The last *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter* contains an address from the Executive Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to the members of the Free Church of Scotland. It closes with the following paragraph:

The Committee have been led further than they intended in this communication; but they feel it to be their solemn duty to protest against the proposition that slaveholders, whatever their professions or pretensions, are fit and proper persons to be admitted to the sacred fellowship of the Christian Church; and they would earnestly implore you, gentlemen, as the representatives of an influential and important branch of that Church, to give forth your testimony to that effect; and by way of [illegible] to that testimony, to restore the money which in an evil hour your Commissioners were induced to receive from the hands of slaveholders. Gentlemen, had these slaveholders presented to your representatives slaves instead of money, they would have indignantly refused the gift. Yet the money which they received, may have represented, in some instances, the value of men, women, and children, who had been cruelly deprived of their liberty; or, at all events, the value of their uncompensated toil, a toil wrung from them by the fear or the torture of the whip. Such money comes not with a blessing, but a curse. They would therefore hope that not one farthing of it will ever be allowed to be appropriated to the purposes of the Free Church.

We cut the following paragraph from the same paper:

Anti-Slavery Lodgings.—On taking a stroll through Leith Links the other day, we observed a notice exhibited from a window of a house at the east end, of "Furnished Lodgings," and underneath, the following rather novel caveat—viz: "None need apply who is a member of a church which encourages Slavery."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Almanac for 1847.

An almanac for the ensuing year is partly in type, and will be ready for delivery in a few days. It will contain nearly forty pages of text, beside the usual calendars, and will, we hope, serve as a valuable tract for distribution, as it will be made up of much valuable anti-slavery matter, including especially the distinctive principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society. That we may make some calculation as to the number that should be printed, we beg our friends to send in their orders as soon as possible. Every agent should be provided with a quantity.

Pardoned of Course.—James L. Pendleton, late master of the brig Montevideo, convicted of slave-trading in the District Court of the United States in Maryland, has been pardoned by the President. We are glad to see that Mr. Polk has a decent regard for his own character, and the character of this Government. How could he let a poor fellow be hanged for doing on his own account, and for the sake of turning an honest penny as times go, that which the Government is doing on so grand a scale in the war with Mexico? If our foreign slave-trader were to be hung, there would be no telling where it would be proper to stop.

Amendments.—In a certain town in Louisiana, when the Declaration of Independence was read on the 4th, a Frenchman arose, and, demanding indignantly why the name of Lafayette was not appended to it, moved that it be added forthwith. The people of this great Republic have made so many practical amendments to that celebrated "Flourish," that it does not matter much what they do to it now. The memory of Lafayette would be disgraced by appending it to a document, which, in its grandest feature, meant nothing to the majority of those who signed it, and which has been branded as a lie by the practice of the nation ever since.

☞ The following is James Watson Webb's definition of what constitutes a Christian:

"To be a Christian, a man must believe in Christ as the Messiah; his martyrdom, the sufficiency of his atonement, and a future state of rewards and punishments."

Probably he expects that any little peccadilloes of his own, such as upholding Slavery, fighting duels, getting up mobs, to murder his neighbors, and burn their houses over their heads, will be visited with the same leniency by the Supreme Governor, as the duel for which he was sentenced to the State's prison was by the Governor of New York.

☞ We notice a paragraph in the papers, stating that Abby Kelley Foster has been arrested for slander. The report itself we presume to be a slander, as we have a letter from her under date of July 19, which does not mention any such occurrence.

Our Contributors.—We are happy to announce the addition of David Lee Child to our corps of Contributors. Few men are so familiar with the history of political parties for the last fifty years in this country, and no one more so with the history of the aggressions of the slave-power upon the rights of the North, and especially in the latest, boldest, and most tyrannical, the annexation of Texas. Many of the readers of the *Standard* are already acquainted with Mr. Child's clear and vigorous style.

☞ The Tariff Bill has been referred to the Finance Committee, in the Senate, on a motion they be instructed to amend it so that the duty on no raw material imported shall be higher than that on the fabric manufactured therefrom.

☞ The late swindling clerk of the House of Representatives, Col. C. J. McNulty, died on board a steamboat, on his way to Mexico, a few days since.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

View from Killiney Hills—Dublin Bay—Hill of Howth—Atmospheric Railway—Irish not so Poor or Oppressed as supposed—Improvement in Condition of the People—British Aristocracy and American Slavocracy—Queasy Constitution of British Quakerdom as to American Anti Slavery—Frederick Douglass—James N. Buffum—American Mechanics and American "Chivalry"—Mr. Estlin's Tract on American Slavery, &c. &c.

My Dear Gay:—I wish you could have seen the view from Killiney Hills this morning, as I walked towards the Atmospheric Railway at Dalkey, on my way into town. Before me lay Dublin Bay in the sunlight, fresh, sparkling, and green, and covered with foam-crested waves. On the opposite side of the Bay is the little peninsula of Howth, famous as one of the extremities of Ireland, so frequently named in O'Connell's popular harangues. I am sure you must often have read of events that thrilled the land "from the Hill of Howth to Connemara, and from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear." Howth, as seen from the Dublin side of the Bay, resembles a lion crouching very low, with his legs stretched out before and behind, and a light house, perched on the tuft of his tail. It is, perhaps, two miles long by one and a half broad; it is about five hundred feet high, and is covered at the top with heathy rocks, and lower down with villas and farms. Beneath Killiney the land stretches away along the sea-side to Dublin—a distance of about nine English miles. This tract is thickly sprinkled with the country-houses and suburban retreats of our wealthy merchants and citizens. About two miles distant lie the town and harbor of Kingstown. The town contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, and has sprung up within the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the visit of George the Fourth to Ireland.

At the foot of Killiney hill, is the little town of Dalkey, connected with Kingstown by a railway of about two miles in length, which is partly worked on the atmospheric principle. The engine-house, containing the huge steam-engines and air-pump which form the vacuum, is at the Dalkey end of the line. The railway descends seventy-two feet from thence to Kingstown, and on the journey thither, no impetus is required but that of the inclined plane. It is on the return to Dalkey, *up* the inclination, that the atmospheric principle comes into operation. The trip is thus made in about five minutes, and there is something deeply interesting and exciting in rattling along the semi-subterranean passage at the rate of thirty miles an hour—without any apparent motive for so vast a speed. No ropes, no horses, no locomotive, with its prodigious tractive power, is seen. Away you go, threading the narrow cutting, which makes many curves of greater or lesser degrees of sinuosity, some of them so abrupt that a nervous person might naturally apprehend he was going to destruction against the rocky walls toward which he was hastening.

To a stranger who comes, as most strangers do, to Ireland, with his head filled with ideas of our unredeemable poverty and wretchedness, I would ask no more, in order to give a serious shake to his preconceived notions, than to show him that view from Killiney Hill, looking towards Dublin. The amount of money withdrawn from trade and commerce, and expended on this tract, in building country-houses, ornamented cottages, lodges, conservatories, churches, and meeting-houses, and in cultivating the land to an extraordinary amount of richness and beauty, must have been prodigious. I doubt if such another example of the results of wealth and enterprise could be shown in any other part of Europe except England. I do not believe that in any other part of Europe, England alone excepted, can be found so large a proportion of the population as in Ireland, enjoying the blessings which wealth confers, and surrounded by so many of the appliances of luxury, and of a high state of civilization. It is certain, that with the exception of the free portion of the people of the United States, in no other country can be found a people enjoying more of constitutional liberty, and less oppressed by unjust and oppressive laws, than the Irish of the present day. That Ireland has been, until of late, grossly ill-governed, that her people have in past ages suffered from oppression, cruelty, and legalized tyranny—that they have endured civil and religious persecution—that they have much to remember which it would be better on all hands they should forget—of all this there can be no doubt. But I am convinced that all classes, both in Great Britain and Ireland, who have to do with the Government of the country, are prepared to make these admissions, and disposed to do all that in them lies, consistently with the circumstances of the country, to promote its happiness and prosperity. They may differ as to the means, but their object is undoubtedly the same.

In agriculture, in manufactures, in trade, and in commerce, Ireland is rapidly improving—and the proportion of the people who are better educated, better clothed, better housed, and better fed, is annually greater than it was the year before. In Ireland, as in England, and in America, we are a mixture of different races who profess different forms of the Christian faith. There is a great variety of habits, and even of language, amongst us. But we have no class like that fearful aristocracy, the American slaveholders, whose lust of gain and of tyranny, is absolutely incompatible with the prosperity of the land they live in. Talk of an aristocracy, indeed! We have a recognized aristocracy it is true, distinguished by foolish titles from the rest of their fellow-men—who have generally large landed possessions, and who form a separate branch of the Legislature, in their own right. But their power for evil, and the evil they are the means of, are as nothing compared with the authority, and the tyranny of your aristocracy of untitled, irresponsible Southern slave-drivers. Look at our House of Lords—their power is insignificant when brought into collision with that of the intelligent, united, determined Commons of England. It was only yesterday, that the news arrived in Dublin, of their having given their sanction, (sorely against the will of a large proportion of their members,) to the Bills for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and for a great change in our tariff of customs duties. Little more than a year ago this event would have been deemed extremely improbable. Yet it has been brought about without riot, or outrage, or the shedding of a single drop of blood. It is an illustrious example of a peaceful moral revolution. With you, the slaveholders, whilst they are not a recognized power in the Republic, in reality wield an influence in the State infinitely greater than that of our monarchy and aristocracy united, and at least equal to the power of most of the European despotisms. For undisguised selfishness, and the unscrupulous exercise of authority, it is only exceeded, (if it be exceeded,) by the present Emperor of Russia. I am aware that some of these sentiments may not be palatable to an American, yet I cannot withhold my convictions of the ruin which your slave-system is bringing upon you. It is injuring your power it is exposing your weakness, it is degrading your character, it is blunting your moral perceptions, it is lowering your religious standard, it is making your professions a lie, and your popular institutions the bye-word of tyrants. It is amazing to me how any "true American" can look with complacency on the state of his country, so long as she is cursed by the pre-

sence of three millions of slaves, and ruled by the jugglery of a knot of insolent slave-drivers.

It is but fair to explain (with reference to my last letter to you,) that at the late Friends' Yearly Meeting of London, about £800 were subscribed for the purposes of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.* I am far from believing that the Anti-Slavery spirit is extinct among Friends—but I think it is greatly modified and restrained by fears lest the interests of the body should suffer by the identification of themselves with any class of American Abolitionists. Very few take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with matters as they really stand amongst you. It is pretty well known how successfully and how secretly measures were taken in 1840, after the so-called "World's Convention," to undermine the reputation, and misrepresent the objects of the most prominent members of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The idea of "no government," and "women's rights," were converted into bugbears such as are used by foolish or wicked nurses to frighten timid children. The result is that many very worthy, and in other respects, wise and intelligent people, who have never inquired into their actual import, are to this present day greatly alarmed when they hear these things mentioned; and the impression on the minds of many is, that every Abolitionist is, *ex officio*, a sturdy opponent of all human Governments, and the staunch upholder of the rights of women to all offices, civil and military, legal and ecclesiastical. And it is odd enough that a large proportion of these indolent believers in the absurd charges against the Abolitionists may be found among the members of a society whose principles and practice are professedly non-resistant, and who, from the beginning, have advocated the rights of women to equal qualifications with men as messengers of the divine word.

Frederick Douglass left us yesterday. He arrived about a week before from Scotland, in company with James N. Buffum. They held no meetings while here, their object being to rest a while after their stormy campaign in Scotland, and James wished to bid adieu to his Irish friends previous to his departure for America on the 4th proximo. He left Dublin on the 23d, intending to go to London, where George Thompson was to join him in a visit to Thos. Clarkson, at his residence, near Ipswich. He then expected, (also accompanied by G. T.) to rejoin Frederick Douglass at Birmingham, on this day, (the 29th,) for the purpose of holding a public Anti-Slavery meeting there. They also intended to hold another in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the 24. J. N. Buffum has not been a *loafer* in his travels. He has improved the time. He has made many friends, particularly in Scotland and Ireland. He has given the Free Church reason to remember his "*facts*;" to rue the day she first touched "the blood-stained gold," and to wish that she had never put herself in the way of being recommended to "SEND BACK THAT MONEY!" James is a walking magazine of facts. Wherever a pretender appears, James has a plain tale to put him down. Send us over a few more such American mechanics, and for your own sakes, keep, oh! keep "the chivalry" at home. They are entirely metamorphosing (is that English? I fear not) our ideas of Americans, so that our venerable instructor, Punch, never gives us a sketch of a Yankee, without representing a cowhide sticking out of his pocket. This, to be sure, is unfair—but we are seldom adepts in American geography. John Bull is not prone to hair-splitting, and he cannot confine his contempt to the slaveholder when he knows that the Northern freeman is pledged to keep down the slave if he revolts, and to return him if he runs away, and is caught within his bounds.

Douglass means, I believe, shortly to visit Belfast, in order to be present during the sitting of the Presbyterian Synod, that he may see how far the Irish branch of the Free Church is disposed to sanction the decree of Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish. He will then probably proceed to London, or to Bristol, to await the hoped-for arrival of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, about the beginning of August.

I believe I omitted to inform you in my last, that Mr. Estlin, a gentleman of considerable eminence as a surgeon in Bristol, has taken up the Anti-Slavery cause very warmly, and has compiled an excellent summary account of American Slavery, and of the history, objects, and labors of the Abolitionists. This has been published in the form of a closely-printed forty-page 12mo. pamphlet. He has printed a large number, and I have no doubt it will be of essential service as a means of extending in England a correct knowledge of the cause, and of its advocates in the United States. I do not agree to his admissions on behalf of that class of slaveholders who believe in the rightfulness of the peculiar institution—for I do not believe there are any of them who would agree to its justice and humanity if their position were exchanged for that of their slaves. Nor have I much charity for that portion of the clergy who do nothing for the slave on account of the alleged indiscretion of the Abolitionists; for no man, I take it, can consider himself absolved from his duty, because another man fails in doing his part in the wisest way. If the Abolitionists be intemperately zealous, (which I cannot see,) let those who approve of their object, but condemn their measures, set about abolishing Slavery in some better way. With these exceptions to Mr. Estlin's pamphlet, I think it the best manual of information respecting the Abolitionists and their measures, that I have yet seen.

But it is time to finish this *lengthy* epistle, and to subscribe myself, Yours, truly,

R. D. WEBB.

*We should like to know how large a proportion of this amount, (not a large one considering the great wealth of the Friends, and the popularity of the anti-slavery of the British and Foreign Society,) was contributed by the members of its committee and their immediate friends and connections?—[*Ed. Standard.*

Letter from London.

LONDON, OLD ENGLAND, Friday, July 3d, 1846.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

DEAR SIR:—I cannot but congratulate you on the fact that our two countries are not to shed blood, and waste wealth, about a barren country, which, like all other countries, is valueless till it is peopled and cultivated, and then ought to belong to those who have lived upon it, and made it fruitful, and be governed by them, and those whom they choose. This has been announced to us by our now popular Minister, Sir Robert Peel, in the speech announcing his resignation of office, and, that he held it only until his successor is appointed. The announcement of it is a most pleasing sign of the progress and influence of the peace principle upon men in high places. He said:—"If there was anything which could give me anything like gratification on resigning office, after the decision of that House against me, it would have been that I should have declared my resignation on the day on which intelligence has been received from the United States as to the favorable result of perhaps our last attempt to close the differences between this country and the United States of America, which, unless speedily terminated, would have endangered the peace of both countries, and, perhaps, involved them in a war." Then, after stating the facts, he says:—"Thus two great nations, impelled, I believe, by public opinion, which ought to guide all countries, have, by a feeling of moderation, and a spirit of mutual compromise, averted that dreadful calamity of war between two nations of kindred race and common language, which would have been productive of the most disastrous results. And I will add that not one year, not one month of such a war would expire, without being accompanied with an amount of expense which would exceed the value of the whole territory about which the dispute arose. (Cheers.) I feel the course adopted perfectly consistent with our true interests, and with perfect honor on the part of the American Government, and on the part of those who have at length closed, I trust, every cause of dissension between the two countries. Sir, I may say, to the credit of this country, that, so far from being influenced in our views with regard to the termination of these disputes about the Oregon territory, by the breaking out of a war between the United States of America and Mexico, I beg leave to say, that so far from that being the case, we distinctly intimated to Mr. Packenham, that, though such a circumstance had occurred, yet, it did not affect, in the slightest degree, our desire for peace. Mr. Packenham, being aware of the occurrence of these hostilities, most wisely thought, though he had a discretionary power in his hands, that this was not one of the cases which would lead to a prolongation of our differences. Let me say, that on the occurrence of these hostilities, before we had any intimation of the successful issue of the negotiations between this country and the United States, by the first packet that sailed, we directed Mr. Packenham to make use of his office for the purpose of mediating between the United States and the Government of Mexico. (Cheers.) I rejoice, therefore, that I have the opportunity, before surrendering power at the feet of a majority of this House, of giving an official assurance to the House, that every cause of quarrel with that great country on the other side of the Atlantic is terminated with honor to both countries."

I draw your attention to the admission—encouraging to you and your friends, and all those friends who seek moral ends by moral means,—that public opinion, and a feeling of moderation, and a spirit of mutual compromise, ought to guide all countries; that is to say, the Governments of all countries,—for it was of the Governments of the two countries he was then speaking. I think you will concur with me, that, for the tone and spirit which has marked the statesmen and people of the two countries, the English statesmen are entitled to the highest praise. I hope old Mr. Adams will live long enough to see that he was wrong in throwing his weight into the war scale, and inciting his countrymen—who are but too prone to war and noisy bluster—to the wickedness of war. There are other topics for congratulation, as indicating progress with us.

The Premier has deemed it judicious, upon going out of office, under circumstances which justify the strong expectation that he will shortly be called upon to resume it, to declare, that Ireland must, in future, be governed upon principles of justice and equality. "A complete assimilation," he says, "of Ireland to England and Scotland in political and religious privileges, should not be defeated by jealousy or suspicion on our [England's] part." "Speaking for myself, I do not hesitate to say, that, there ought to be established in Ireland complete equality—(Loud cheers)—in municipal and political institutions. (Cheers.) I say complete equality, as far as it is practicable to carry it out in the present political and religious aspect of the country. (Hear, hear.) It may not be possible to carry out complete political and religious equality, according to the letter of the terms, but it may be done according to the spirit. But I speak of the spirit, and not of the letter, in regard to the franchise, in regard to municipal rights, and in regard to the other great questions relating to Ireland. (Cheers.) There is a strong desire in the minds of many, that the people of Ireland should be placed in possession of the same political and religious rights as those of England and Scotland, and I admit the correctness of the principle. Not only do I admit the justice of the principle, but I am of opinion that a complete assimilation of Ireland to England and Scotland in political and religious privileges, should not be defeated by any jealousy and suspicion on our part. With regard to any question involving the rights and privileges of the people of Ireland, I say distinctly, that I think there ought not to be a different rule applied to Ireland to that which is applied to the people of this country. (Cheers.) It is impossible for me to say that there should be submitted, with regard to Ireland, a different rule of action to that which is applied to England. (Cheers.) Regarding the Executive Administration in Ireland, I think the powers of the Crown should not be exercised so as to occasion any real ground of complaint in regard to religious distinctions. It may be that we may have given offence in some instances, in availing ourselves of the opportunity of appointing Roman Catholics to office. It may be said that we should have taken different means to carry out our policy; but to that I will answer, that I hold it to be the best and wisest policy, to carry on the affairs of Government without reference to any differences on religious questions, and that it should make its appointments accordingly. With regard to the spirit in which legislation must be directed, I must say, for one, I am prepared to co-operate with those who feel that the present social condition of the people of Ireland in respect to the tenure of land, and the relations of landlord and tenant, are untenable, and are anxious to remedy the existing state of things."

Now mark the circumstances under which these things are said:—the aristocracy of England determined to oust him from office, because, marking the signs of the times, he determined to give the people cheap food, and, for that purpose, determined to repeal the law against the importation of cheap corn into England. They have been the great corn-growers, for they are the great land-owners of England, and exacted enormous rents from their farmers, which rents, they imagine, it is their interest to keep up, by the unjust influence of their legislative power; and they passed laws prohibiting the importation of corn into England until their own corn was up at a certain price. The penury, distress, and semi-starvation this has caused for the last thirty years, has been most dreadful, but the Corn-Law League having enlightened the people as to the causes of their distress, organized the expression of public opinion upon the subject; the Minister, seeing the impossibility of starving the people longer, and the wisdom of being just, threw his weight into their scale, and has repealed those laws. Yet, at the moment of doing this, he introduced a Bill which is popularly termed "the Coercion Bill for Ireland." It was to revive in Ireland in the nineteenth century, the curfew days in England—men and women were to be subject to transportation if out of their houses after an early hour in the evening. But the people, and the representatives of such of them as have votes for members of Parliament, have become sufficiently enlightened upon this topic, also, to know that injustice to Ireland is injustice to England, and to trace its reaction upon themselves. When your slaveholders have learned to trace the injurious re-action of slaveholding upon themselves, the day of emancipation will come.

The people being thus enlightened have spoken out, and, although the Minister had become nobly popular by his measures for repealing the Corn-Laws, and for reducing commercial imposts, yet, their representatives did not feel themselves sufficiently secure of their votes upon the shortly coming general election to venture upon passing the Coercion Bill, though introduced by the Government. The Parliament has but one year to run. We elect for seven, and they are in their sixth year—and it is found that they are always more virtuous as their dissolution approaches. They expect then to have to meet their constituents, and become very virtuous—those of them who represent large constituencies—as they approach their period of service.

The packet leaves to-morrow, and I must therefore close, but I annex you the list of the intended new Administration, as extracted from this day's papers:

ZENAS.

IN THE CABINET.

Lord Chancellor	LORD COTTENHAM.
President of the Council	MARQ. OF LANSDOWNE.
Lord Privy Seal	EARL OF MINTO.
Home Office	SIR G. GREY.
Colonial Office	EARL GREY.
Foreign Office	VISCT. PALMERSTON.
First Lord of the Treasury	LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	MR. CHARLES WOOD.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	LORD CAMPBELL.
Paymaster-General	MR. MACAULAY.
Woods and Forests	VISCOUNT MORPETH.
Postmaster-General	M. OF CLANRICARDE.
Board of Trade	EARL OF CLARENDON.
Board of Control	SIR J. C. HOBHOUSE.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	MR. LABOUCHERE.
Admiralty	EARL OF AUCKLAND.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	EARL OF BESBOROUGH.
Commander-in-Chief	DUKE OF WELLINGTON.
Master-General of Ordnance	MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

Notes on New Books.

Essays, Second Series. By R. W. Emerson.

We are happy to see these essays issued in a cheap form. They serve as the initial number of a new series of popular books from the house of Monroe & Co. Boston, to be called the "Boston Library of American and Foreign Literature." Happily, Emerson is too well known to our readers to require from us any comments upon his merits. We regard him as the greatest author which America has produced, and we fear that he will be so esteemed for many years to come. He is the only writer that we know who has not sometimes written badly, or unwisely. Considering the quantity and quality of his published works, we must regard him as miraculously endowed either with wisdom or prudence. The most important of the essays in the volume before us, is the Lecture on New England Reformers, delivered at Amory Hall, in Boston, in March, 1844.

Memoirs and Essays, illustrative of Art, Literature, and Social Morals. By Mrs. Jameson. Wiley & Putnam: 1846.

It is not unlikely that Mrs. Jameson has more readers, even in this country, than Ralph Waldo Emerson. Her essays lie nearer to the level of the common understanding than those of the philosopher of Concord; they are better adapted to readers than to thinkers. Her writings are easy, graceful, and amusing for those who can be amused by gracefulness and ease; but they neither move the passions nor instruct the mind. Her essays on Art show a good deal of learning but very little knowledge. She abounds in gossip about pictures and painters, but we read her in vain for any ruling principle of thought on Art. This volume, excepting a paper on Woman's Position and Mission, and another on Governesses, is made up wholly of Art-gossip. It includes "The House of Titian," "Washington Allston," "The Xanthian Marbles," and "Adelaide Kemble and the Lyrical Drama." The last essay is the best: because it is a tribute of affection to a personal friend; it is imbued with love and tenderness, such as she could not feel for the house of Titian, or the Xanthian marbles. Taken altogether, we do not know of a pleasanter volume to take on board of a steamboat, or to doze over in this hot weather.

The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud; or, Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans. Compiled from Arabic sources, and compared with Jewish Tradition. By Dr. G. Weil, Librarian of the University of Heidelberg.—Translated from the German. With occasional notes. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The legends contained in this volume, which the author states, in his preface, were mainly extracted from original Arabic sources, consist of the Mohammedan account of Adam; Ioris or Enoch; Noah, Hud, and Salih; Abraham; Joseph; Moses and Aaron; Samuel, Saul, and David; Solomon and Queen of Sheba; and John, Mary, and Christ.

To Correspondents.

We will make such disposition of E. S. M.'s donation as we think will suit him.

I. O. F. of M. shall be credited for the money sent to the first number of the present volume. There is now due only one dollar for the year to come. The mistake referred to could not have happened at this office.

G. B. S. is received, and shall appear next week.

We shall expect an early account from H. W. G. of the meeting next week.

C. C. B. shall hear farther concerning the matter.—As to "Rowland," he gives it up, and is quite convinced now, that the place has a prejudice against everybody.

A. Q. T. is received, and the correction made.

We hope to hear again soon from D. L. C.

E. D. H. and J. C. H. will hear from us speedily.—Their letters did not reach us in season for last week's paper. They will receive the books in the course of this week.

Our friend in N. shall have a more valuable autograph, if we have any influence in that quarter. He need not think, however, that he is to get rid of a collection of the other by such a proposition. But why not make a reciprocity treaty?

A. K. F.'s last is received. We shall reply to it in a day or two.

H. R. C. is received. His request shall be borne in mind, though the change includes more than that portion of duty to which he refers. We hope he will persevere in his efforts.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Poor Man to the Scornful Rich Man; A Welcome to Elihu Burritt. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); Society for Promoting an Amendment of the Law; War; Prospectus; Coleridge's Eloquence; Mr. O'Connell; Animal Suicides.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Religion of Slaveholders; Professor Longfellow—Poems on Slavery. *Selections:* Memorial, &c.; Speech of Mr. Mordough; Another Suicide by a Slave: Original Correspondence; The Church and Slavery; The French Anti-Slavery Society. *Communications:* Who does not Pity the Poor Slave.

SECOND PAGE.—Some other Facts for the World's Convention, which are Facts without Mistake; The Cause in Western New-York; Letter from London; Anti-Slavery Meeting in Farmington.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

There has been a recent outbreak at Santiago, the capital of Chili. It arose from the dissatisfaction of the people with the newly elected President. Martial law prevailed, and order was restored.

General Items.

Liberation of Slaves.—We learn that thirty-three negro slaves, from the eastern part of Virginia, recently liberated at the death of their master, arrived in town a few days ago, and were to have proceeded yesterday on board the Dominion, to Ohio, their new destination. We learn, likewise, that their liberator purchased for them a farm in Ohio, to which they are going.—*Colonization Herald.*

George Bradburn, Esq. lost a valuable library, and other personal property, in the great fire at Nantucket.

The good people of West Harwich, on the Cape, turned out on the Fourth, and celebrated the day by hoeing out the cornfield of one of their townsmen.

"Lo! The Poor Indian."—A remnant of the once powerful Catawba Indians are presenting a petition to Congress, praying to be removed to the great woods of the West—as far as possible from their former homes, and the abodes of white men!

Rev. Dr. Judson, the Baptist Missionary to Burmah, sailed from Boston, on Saturday last, in the ship Faneuil Hall, accompanied by his wife, (formerly Miss Chubbuck, and better known as "Fanny Forrester,") and a number of new mission families for the Burman Empire.

A Freeman in Bondage.—The older portion of our townsmen well recollect a short, square-built, yellow man, named Frank, who was raised by the late Hon. Thomas Wilson, and for many years resided here, and was generally welcome to all our young people, by his humor, and unconquerable love of fun. Frank, it seems, has been inveigled down the river, seized, and sold as a slave, to a planter, we understand, in Mississippi. We have been informed that Frank's purchaser bought him with others on credit, and getting to learn that he is a freeman, says that if the fact can be established, he can avoid paying the note he has given, and poor Frank may be relieved from labor in the cotton field.

It is to be hoped that Frank's situation will command the attention of the humane, who should make proper efforts to establish his identity, and have him restored to freedom.—*Erie (Pa.) Gazette.*

Slave Hunter Killed.—We learn that a few days ago a fugitive slave from Maryland, was pursued and overtaken in Somerset county, in this State, by a man named Holland, a wagoner from Ohio, who was tempted to the dirty task by the reward offered—$150. When they reached McCarty's tavern the slave attempted to escape, but was caught by Holland while in the act of climbing a fence. The slave then drew a long knife, which he had concealed about his person, and plunged it into Holland's heart, causing his death instantly. He made good his escape, immediately pursued by the people of the neighborhood, who, at nightfall, had surrounded him, but in the darkness of the night he eluded their vigilance, and is now beyond their reach.—*Washington Patriot.*

Donations for Nantucket.—Collections are going on in this city for the sufferers at Nantucket, and at the churches in Charlestown some contributions were made yesterday. New Bedford and Fall River are lending their aid, and $1,500 have been given by a few individuals in New-York. The Mayor of Roxbury has called a public meeting for this evening, and the Mayor of Salem one for Thursday evening, both to afford help in the emergency.—*Boston Courier.*

Ripley Presbytery, Ohio.—This body declined sending a delegate to the New School General Assembly, on account of its relations to Slavery, and at a meeting convened at Ripley since the meeting of the Assembly, it finds no cause to change its policy. That Presbytery objects to the Assembly, that while their Confession of Faith clearly condemns slaveholding, they continue to tolerate slaveholding ministers and members, and also that in order to secure unity in the Church, truth has been stricken down, and the Assembly has attempted to serve God and mammon. The Presbytery, being unwilling, in *any way*, to sanction Slavery, resolved to consult with sister Presbyteries on the propriety of forming an Anti-Slavery Presbyterian Church.

Blessings of Freedom.—A batch of twelve negroes, slaves and free persons, were arrested in New Orleans by the police, on a charge of meeting there ostensibly for prayer and preaching. It appears that the prisoners, as well as other colored persons, have been in the habit of repairing to this place for the purpose of joining in the singing of hymns and cantiques, which were followed by sermons, the subjects of which were of the most inflammatory character. The prisoners having been found in an assemblage contrary to law, were punished either by fine or imprisonment.—*Evangelist.*

☞ A warrant has been issued for the apprehension of Mr. David Moore, of Branton county, Virginia, charged with reading to his neighbors an article in the Washington (Pa.) Patriot. He has thus far been able to elude his pursuers, by leaving the State. Virginia could afford him no protection though he tread upon the dust of the immortal Washington!—*Ex. paper.*

The Randolph Negroes.—The Sidney Aurora of Saturday says these negroes remain on Col. Johnson's farm, near Piqua. That paper condemns, in decided terms, the conduct of the citizens of Mercer, in the late outbreak, and insists that—"They should have made their objections known before the land was purchased, and not waited until they had drawn the last cent they could expect out of the pockets of the blacks—some thirty-two thousand dollars—and then raise an armed force, and refuse to let them take possession of their property, as they have done.

"We look upon the whole proceeding as outrageous in the extreme, and the participators should be severely punished. What makes the thing worse, is the fact that a number of those who were fiercest in their opposition to the blacks, loudest in their threats to shoot, &c. were the very men who sold them land, received wages for constructing the buildings, and actually pocketed a large amount of money for provisions, not two weeks before the arrival of the poor creatures whom they have so unjustly treated."

The Slave Ellis.—We are glad to learn by a letter from the Rev. Daniel McNair, who was appointed Agent of the Synod of Mississippi to collect money to complete the purchase of the slave Ellis and his family, with a view of sending him as a missionary to Africa, that he has succeeded in raising the whole amount of that portion of the purchase money which the Synod of Mississippi had agreed to raise for that object. If the committee of the Synod of Alabama are ready, the whole business will soon be brought to a speedy end.—*New Orleans Protestant.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from June 15, to July 15, 1846.

[CONCLUDED.]

Amount previously acknowledged		$329 43
Francis Carpenter,	" "	1 00
David F. Hewes,	" "	1 00
James O. Stetson, West Bridgewater,		1 00
Mrs. E. M. Caldwell,	Saco, Me.	1 00
Miss Phebe Jane Bailey,	"	1 00
John Wainer, South Westport,	"	1 00
Frederick Allen,	" "	1 00
David Macomber,	" "	1 00
Rev. John O. Choules, Jamaica Plains, Mass.		1 00
Marie E. Whitcomb, Brooklyn, Ct.		1 00
Moses Harris, Parkman, Me.		1 00
Ann E. Drew, Dover, N. H.		1 00
Nancy Twombly,	"	1 00
Miss Abby Prescott, Concord, Mass.		1 00
Benjamin Segur, West Killingly, Ct.		5 00
Thomas Cole, Fairfield,	N. Y.	2 00
George Willetts, Waterloo,	"	50
Wilson Thorn, Youngstown, Ohio,		1 64
Nelson Harwood, Springfield, Mass.		1 00
Samuel Daniels,	" "	1 00
Obed Smith, Bechertown,	"	3 00
Erastus C. Sessions, West Randolph, Vt.		1 00
Henry Tarbox, Scottville, N. Y.		5 00
Dr. J. D. Cope, Salem, Ohio,		1 00
Aaron Hinchman,	" "	1 00
Allen Drew, Hallowell, Me.		1 00
H. N. Spooner, Plymouth, Mass.		1 00
John Tweedy, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.		1 00
William Galbreath, New Garden, Ohio,		5 00
William Dearlove, Arcole,	"	1 00
E. Wood, Madison,	"	1 00
William W. Branch,	" "	1 00
Jerome Palmer, Painsville,	"	1 00
Phinehah Pixley, Unionville,	"	1 00
Loyall Tillotson, M. D. South Thompson, O.		1 00
H. D. Latham, Fair Haven, Mass.		1 00
Laura Turner, Bridgewater, N. Y.		1 00
J. L. Kellogg,	"	4 00
Louisa Cone, Champion,	"	1 00
David Wait, Denmark,	"	1 00
Total amount,		387.57

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

Married,

On Saturday morning, the 25th instant, in Trinity Church, by Rev. Dr. Wainwright, *Charles A. Peabody*, of New Hampshire, to *Julia*, daughter of the late James Duane Livingston, of this city.

In Duxbury, (Mass.) on the 12th instant, by Rev. Mr. Hewitt, Mr. *Nahum Baily*, Jr. of Kingston, to Miss *Sally O.* daughter of Mr. James Weston, Jr. of Duxbury.

On Tuesday morning, 21st instant, in the Cathedral, in Baltimore, by Rt. Rev. Samuel Eccleston, Archbishop of Baltimore, *Robert H. Gallaher*, Esq. junior editor of the Richmond Republican, to Miss *Harriet E. P. Marsh*, youngest daughter of Elias Marsh, Esq. of New-York.

In Gardiner, Maine, *Josiah G. Macy*, of New-York, to Miss *Julia S. Berry.*

In the Parish of St. Mary, Louisiana, July 7th, Mr. *William F. Weeks*, of the Parish of St. Martin, to Miss *Mary Gorham Palfrey.*

Died,

At Hong Kong, April 21st, Mr. *Samuel H. Rich*, late of the house of Benjamin Rich & Son, of Boston. Mr. Rich went passenger in the Areatus, for the benefit of his health, and died on the eleventh day after his arrival.

In Philadelphia, on the 19th instant, *Margaret*, daughter of Charles and Mary Mc Donough, aged 23 months.

In this city, on Thursday, *Preserved Fish*, in the 81st year of his age.

In Philadelphia, on Third-day afternoon, the 21st, *Elizabeth Jones*, aged 62.

In Philadelphia, on the 21st instant, *William Swain*, Esq. inventor of "Swain's Panacea," in the 63d year of his age.

In Salem, Mass. Miss *Mehitable Higginson.*

At the residence of his sisters, in Albany, on the morning of the 26th instant, *Joseph P. Mott*, of Auburn, in the 49th year of his age.

In Bristol, Pa. July 24, in the 74th year of her age, *Mrs. Hannah Lloyd*, relict of the Hon. James Lloyd, of Boston.

In Wiscasset, (Me.) 8th instant, *Philip E. Theobald*, M. D. aged 67 years.

The 7th instant, at Havana, *Mrs. Campbell*, wife of General R. B. Campbell, Consul of the United States at that place, and grand-daughter of the late RICHARD HENRY LEE.

In this city, on the 24th instant, Rev. *James Collord*, aged 53.

At Fredericksburgh, on Thursday, 23d July, aged 53 years, Major *Hugh M. Patton*, Cashier of the Farmers' Bank at Fredericksburg.

In this city, on the 25th instant, Mr. *John Ferguson*, in the 64th year of his age.

In Brooklyn, L. I. on the 25th instant, Mr. *James Treadwell*, Clerk U. S. N.

NOTICES.

FIRST OF AUGUST CELEBRATION IN NEW-YORK.

The anniversary of the glorious event of Emancipation, which brought freedom to 800,000 slaves in the British Colonies, in 1834, will be celebrated by the Abolitionists of New-York, by a public meeting at the *King-street Wesleyan Chapel*, near Hudson, on Sunday evening, August 2d. Addresses will be delivered by William F. Allen, of Illinois, Sydney Howard Gay, and Oliver Johnson, of New-York. Let there be a large meeting.

FIRST OF AUGUST CELEBRATIONS.

The anniversary of the West Indian Emancipation will be celebrated by public meetings in Abington, Concord, Lynn, and Worcester. It is expected that the meeting at Abington will be attended by Edmund Quincy, William A. White, Addison Davis, Nathaniel H. Whiting, and others; that at Concord, by Wendell Phillips, Wm. H. Channing, Caleb Stetson, and others; that at Lynn, by James N. Buffum, Thomas T. Stone, and John Prince; that at Worcester, by Adin Ballou, Samuel May, J. T Everett, and others.

It is hoped that there will be large and enthusiastic gatherings at all these places—worthy of the great day to be celebrated. Let none be absent from these assemblies, who are not detained by an insurmountable necessity. Come one, come all! LORING MOODY.

Gen'l Ag't Mass. A. S. Society.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Two able advocates of the cause of liberty—E. D. HUDSON, and WM. W. BROWN, are now laboring in your county, and will hold meetings at the following places. Their success, and the interests of the cause, will depend very much upon your active co-operation, in procuring places for meetings, extending notices, and in aiding them in procuring subscribers for the Standard. Are there not some among you who will

VOLUNTEER

To spend one, two, or three weeks, or more, in Freedom's cause, and go with these brethren from house to house, and from town to town? Let it not be said of Western New-York, that from among her sons, Slavery can get more volunteers to fight her infamous battles in Mexico, than Freedom can number in her army. Come to the rescue, then, one and all, and let the question be decided.

"For he who settles Freedom's principles,
Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
Who speaks the truth, stabs falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than even Brutus with his dagger could."

CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

Arkwright, Friday, July 31.
Fredonia, Saturday and Sunday, August 1st and 2d, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Salem, Monday, August 3d, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Westfield, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 4th and 5th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Sherman, Thursday and Friday, August 6th and 7th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Ashville, Saturday and Sunday, August 8th and 9th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Dewittville, Monday, August 10th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Ellington, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 11th and 12th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Cherry Creek, Thursday and Friday, August 13th and 14th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Arkwright, Friday, August 14th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Forrestville, Saturday, " 15th, " "
Versailles, Sunday and Monday, August 16th and 17th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

These meetings will be attended by one, or both of the friends above mentioned, besides VOLUNTEERS. One noble-hearted brother is already in the field, in that capacity, and will spend as much time as his other avocations will permit. You will find in

E. D. HUDSON,

A single-hearted, devoted, and faithful man,—uncompromising in his hostility to Slavery, in whatever garb she may assume to clothe herself. No freeman will complain of that.

WILLIAM W. BROWN,

Has groaned many a weary day in the prison-house of bondage, and can tell of the dark and damning deeds that are committed there. He has felt the heavy heel of tyranny upon his own head, and can speak from experience. Even now by the Constitution of the United States, he is a *chattel*, and not a MAN. Out upon such atrocity, and let the cry be rung through the land,

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

J. C. HATHAWAY,

General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the State of New-York.

FARMINGTON, 7th month 18, 1846.

FAIR TEETH.

We would give information to those of our friends who may need the aid of a DENTIST, that EDWARD TOWNSEND, No. 254 North Fourth Street, and JOHN K. TOWNSEND, Southeast corner of Ninth and Cherry Streets, both well known and highly esteemed in their profession, have each generously offered to give *twelve hours of professional work for the benefit of our Fair.*

Persons wishing to have teeth extracted, plugged, or artificial ones inserted, may receive an order from either of the undersigned:

Sarah Pugh, 70 Marshall Street,
Sarah L. Child, 452 North 2d Street,
Anna M. Hopper, 22 North 7th Street,
Emma Parker, 127 Arch " "
Margaret A Griscom, 325 1-2 Arch Street,
Margaretta Forten, 92 Lombard "
or from any member of the
Committee of Arrangements.

CIRCULAR.

Again we invite the co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, in our preparations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, to make arrangements for working circles, &c. and enlist as many warm hearts and efficient hands as can be found in their respective neighborhoods. Our next Fair is to be held in a much larger Hall, than we have heretofore occupied, and it is our intention that it shall be in every respect greatly superior to former ones. To accomplish this, we must, *each and all*, be more diligent, more active in invention and execution, than heretofore. The cause demands new efforts, and whose heart does not respond to the call? Let each of us commence this work with a determination that the Fair *shall* be what we wish to make it. Let no suggestion be lost, let no inventive thought be rejected, which can be profitably applied in any department of the labor. Much depends on the *variety* of the collection, and the skill and taste of all may here find ample room for profitable exercise. And the usual articles of needlework will be in demand, and a much larger supply than heretofore of the products of the garden, the dairy, and the farm. We wish to fill one table with specimens of Natural History in every variety, and another with pot flowers. Will the friends in the country prepare these for the occasion? Let all who have beautiful flowers of any kind, plant cuttings from them now, and, if properly trained, they will probably be ready for us in December next.

Your past experience and observation, dear friends, diminishes the necessity of suggestions from us. What we would most urgently press upon you is, that the work of preparation be commenced *immediately*, and continued diligently. We shall be glad to communicate with any circle or individual, who may wish for consultation with us respecting the Fair, and shall be happy to receive friendly suggestion from any quarter.

Sarah Pugh,	*Emma Parker,*
Theresa Hallowell,	*Gertrude K. Burleigh,*
Sarah L. Child,	*Hannah L. Stickney,*
Anna M. Hopper,	*Mary T. Stickney,*
Margaret Griscom,	*Emily Winslow,*
Sarah A. McKim,	*Maria Davis,*
Amy Matilda Cassey,	*Harriet D. Purvis,*
Paulina Wright,	*Sarah L. Purvis,*
Janette Jackson,	*Margaret Jones,*
Martha Carman,	*Mary Grew,*
E. Carman,	*Margaretta Forten,*
Clementine Green,	*Mary Shaw,*
Huldah Justice,	*Hester Reckless,*
Eliza J. Bias,	*Esther Hogeland,*

Committee of Arrangements.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE WEST.

NEW-YORK, June 1st, 1846.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, at its late annual meeting, in New-York,

"Resolved, That in view of the present exigencies of the cause, and the plan of the campaign of the ensuing year, we will raise the sum of ten thousand dollars."

In accordance with this resolution, the Executive Committee of the Society resolved that a special fund be raised in the West to sustain agents in that field, and farther resolved to contribute from the Treasury of the Society, for that purpose, $400 00

Thomas Donaldson, pledged	100 00
Mary Donaldson, "	50 00
C. B. Taylor, of Pittsburgh,	50 00
Total,	600 00

All subscriptions and donations to this fund, will be promptly acknowledged in the Anti-Slavery Bugle; and the friends of the cause are urgently solicited to forward their names, with the amount they are willing to contribute, to be paid within the year, to James Barnaby, Jr. or the editors of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, at Salem, Columbianna county, Ohio.

Individuals are requested to become volunteer agents to procure subscriptions in their respective neighborhoods, and to forward the names of contributors with the amount subscribed as above specified.

Abolitionists of the West, shall not the above sum be quadrupled? Your replies to that question will be heard in your actions? Will you not act? With a little effort, the sum may be more than quadrupled, and eight or ten lecturing agents kept in the field during the year.

Respectfully, SAMUEL BROOKE,

Gen'l. Ag't. Am. A. S. Soc. for West.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

To the Members and Friends of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

We would remind you that the annual meeting of the State Society is to take place at Kennett Meeting-house, in Chester county, on Wednesday, the 5th of August, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and invite you to be present, punctually at the hour, and to bring with you as many of your friends as possible.

Since our enterprise first took an organized form, there has been no period more deeply interesting than the present; none more calculated to inspire hope; none that has made louder demands for watchful fidelity. The cause imperiously requires that we should come together in our whole strength, and come prepared to give and to labor. For our own part, we dare not be absent, when we remember that the injustice and blindness of the master, and the degradation of the slave, exist in part because of our inactivity. We feel bound to be present, and that we may encourage and be encouraged, and that we may give our aid, if it should be but by an uplifted hand, to cheer on those who with us are laboring

Poetry.

THE POOR MAN TO THE SCORNFUL RICH MAN.

BY PHINEAS FLETCHER, BORN A. D. 1580.

If well thou view'st us, with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty,
My wants no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I,
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and whoso wants, is poor;
Then this must follow of necessity—
Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth so grows thy wealthy itch;
But with my little I have much content—
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever
To reckon how, and when, and where he spent;
Then this thou bragg'st thou art a great receiver:
Little 's my debt, when little is my store—
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

But seeing God himself descended down
To enrich the poor by his rich poverty;
His meat, his house, his grave were not his own,
Yet all was His from all eternity:
Let me be like my Head whom I adore;
Be thou great, wealthy—I still base and poor.

From the People's Journal.

A WELCOME TO ELIHU BURRITT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And he looks the whole world in the face;
For he owes not any man."
Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

Up, toiling fellow countrymen!
The good ship nears the strand,
That bears a true and honest man
From the far western land;—
Up, up, and give him welcome!
No hats off, and no cheers,
But meet him as a friend meets friend
After the lapse of years,
With nervous graspings of the hand,
And glances full of love,
And joyous words, and smiles as bright
As sun-bursts from above.

What though your cheeks be sun-embrowned,
Your hands grown hard with toil;
Think ye he 'll not return the grasp,
And render smile for smile?
What though your speech be rude, and ye
Of knowledge have small store;
While he hath mastered many tongues
And deeply drank of lore;
Will he disdainful turn away,
And scorn his fellow-men?
Oh, no, 'tis such as you he loves,
Up, up, and greet him, then!

He cometh not as monarchs come,
In pomp, and pride, and state;
He cometh not as heroes come,
With deeds of blood elate;
He wears no kingly crown, and yet
In truth, a king is he,—
A mighty one—in realms of mind
He hath a sovereignty;
He bears no sword, no laurel wreath,
Yet who like he hath fought,
And difficulties overcome,
And deeds of greatness wrought?

He sends his messengers before,
The blessed words of peace,
To bid all strifes and jealousies,
And vain contentions cease;
His "olive leaves" are scattered round,
And, borne on every gale;
Oh, may the lessons there impressed
O'er human hearts prevail!
Then, up, my fellow-countrymen,
And greet this *working* man—
This pioneer in life's great march,
And leader of the van.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT;
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

[CONTINUED.]

As Vincent and the Doctor reached the main gate, the overseer, Valsain rang the third and last signal. As they passed out, he measured them with a sneering look, and whispered to his companion: "What a pity I had not discharged my office a few minutes sooner. These warm niggers' friends might then have had a pretty experience, and learned how they sleep there in a nigger's hut, among the stinking rabble."

No answer was made, but as the two passed out between the storehouses, and a loud peal of laughter sounded after them, the wrath of the little Doctor was kindled. "This Valsain," said he, "is of the genuine sort, born to brandish the whip, and incomparable in the sugar-mill. But wait, my treasure, I have seen other folks who were worse, and yet in whom that strange thing, there, called conscience, waked up at last, and a whole hell of devils danced day and night, round their sick beds. There was Armand, the old boiling master, who had an eye, the old villain, before which every black *skin* quailed. He was very fond of the black hunt in the Mornes, and more than once he had women and children torn in pieces by the hounds. But when he grew sick, all the bloody creatures danced round his bed, and gnawed his very bones with their white teeth. His eyes started from their sockets. He bit his tongue in his frenzy, till the blood flowed, and he tore the flesh from his body, and made as if he would hurl it at the phantoms. We had to put him in chains, and there he raved for twenty days, until at last he died yelling, and grew so black that it was firmly believed the devil had got him; of which, by the way, there cannot be the least doubt."

"And this frightful example has not frightened the hangman into being any better?" said Vincent.

"Such things are soon forgotten," said Bertrand; "besides no one ever thought that the devil, the lord of the blackies, would have taken away old Armand, merely on account of a few of his ragged subjects; but he was an ill fellow among the whites, too. His successor is now this Valsain, and he is my worthy friend. He gives me enough to do. Yes, Sir, the best support of a poor Doctor is a good sharp overseer, who makes it a point to force the black devils to hold the sugar-cane up to the smallest bit between the wheels of the mill, so that not a scrap may be lost. Thus it happens that before one thinks, a finger or a hand gets drawn in, and the overseer's axe has as much pleasure in the matter as I. The philanthropists are shrieking there over the abominable avarice of the planters, who force their slaves to take care of every little *straw*, and do not consider that the special object is to teach order and caution."

"But could not this dangerous work be done by machinery?" asked Vincent.

"They use machinery here and there, people who favor dangerous novelties, and are therefore very unpopular," answered the Doctor; "but machinery costs money, and for what on earth have we these lazy slaves for? But we are at the door, and I attend you to make my report to the Intendant."

CHAPTER III.

Vincent entered with the intention of seeking to bring Libertas to milder thoughts towards his favorite. They found the Intendant seated at the table, engaged in earnest conversation with de Charmilly, and Vincent learned with alarm that Helen was sick. While the physician made his report, and was chid for being absent, and while Vincent apologized for having left the company, to walk over the plantation, the evening meal was served. A pastry of game from Cuba, was brought in upon silver dishes, while in vessels of the same metal shone the fiery Spanish wines, which were smuggled from Domingo. The soft evening air breathed through the gauze *curtains*, laden with the fragrance of flowers; the moonlight slept upon the beautiful landscape, heavily laden branches of orange trees knocked against the windows, and all the beauty and repose of a tropical night, filled the house, breathing sweetness and pleasure.

The Marquis had also come, from a visit to the various offices, &c. of the plantation, of whose excellent arrangement he spoke with much intelligence. His beautiful wife appeared, bringing from Helen's room the agreeable assurance that she was sleeping quietly, and would be able to depart, fully restored, with her anxious uncle, on the morrow.

The company was in excellent spirits. The brilliant wit of Lady de Borel, dissipated all remembrance of the previous quarrel, and the eccentricities of the little Doctor afforded no small matter for amusement. He related some of his adventures. By birth, a German, he had accompanied the Hessians, who were sold by their prince for English gold, to die in America. After numberless wanderings, after having lived several years among the red skins, he had at last come to the Cape, and been employed on the plantation as a physician; singly and alone, as he maintained, after having sufficiently studied the nature of the white, brown, and copper-colored races, he had been devoted to the particular investigation of the peculiarities of the blacks.

"And in this study," said Libertas, laughing, "our worthy Master Bertrand has neglected no opportunity. Our blacks, far and wide, have the highest respect for his doses, and a holy reverence of his knives and saws. But the white race is not quite so favorable to him. Their reverence changes into fear, their shyness into dread, and they see in him little else than a poison mixer, and not one of them can make up his mind, without the most urgent necessity, to avail himself of his services. He has studied the black nature so deeply that he has lost all his white learning, and treats every one, without distinction, as a negro. He runs about here in the mountains, collects plants, which no man knows, huge mushrooms, roots, mosses, squeezes the essences out of worms and snakes, and brews drinks that one cannot look at without peril of his life. These he administers to his patients, and tries experiments at their cost. With the blacks, it succeeds wonderfully. They gulp his doses down, and are well. But the whites die at the first drop, and I almost believe the reason is because the negroes reverence him so much."

"The Supreme Court at the Cape must interfere," said the Marchioness, laughing.

"They ought to present me a medal, for all the dangers I run," cried the Doctor. "Ah, my worthy gentlemen and my lady," continued he in a tone of complaint, "if these black creatures only would ever learn to acknowledge what I do for them; but it was only to-day that I met with a horrible instance of ingratitude that might well save me from any process of the Supreme Court."

"Without doubt, a very remarkable adventure," cried the Intendant. "Tell us about it, worthy Sir."

"You know," said the Doctor, "that it is my only pleasure to wander about among the mountains, and search for those wonderful creations, called plants, those most faithful friends of man, on whose unnoticed leaves, flowers, and roots, nature has oftentimes written the weal or woe of mankind. Ah, gentlemen, what were the world without them! A great Lazaretto, full of thousand-fold sufferings, and yet ungrateful man esteems them so little. I hastened this time far away from the Grande Rivière, up into the wild mountains of Larore, where God has rare wonders growing and blooming, and I clambered up among the windings of the rocks, now through gloomy woods of mahogany and tulip trees, and now through rugged ravines, overgrown with the most splendid flowers. One curiosity after another allured me hither and thither, and I forgot that the sun was going down, and that my beast was waiting for me in the hamlet. I was so absorbed in my pursuit, that I did not immediately perceive that something was holding me fast, as, with great delight, I bent far down to get a most beautiful kryptogan." Some abominable branch, thought I, "that envies me my good fortune, and I snatched at the thing, but it was warm and living, and when I turned myself half round, I descried a huge black rascal, who threw me back upon the ground like a feather.

"Good for nothing!" shouted I, enraged, "for I had been thrown full length on my plants," what sort of manners is this? You black scamp, help me up on my legs."

But instead of doing so, the scoundrel drew a long knife from his girdle, and, while he raised his foot, and gave me a kick,—a pretty significant hint to lie still—he put his fingers to his mouth and a shrill whistle echoed among the rocks. In an instant twenty or thirty roaring devils surrounded me, who appeared to start out of the earth, and showed me their axes, and knives, and white teeth. I was a little startled, to-be-sure, but I feared nothing, for I recognized among them a fellow who used to live here among us, and whom shortly after his arrival from Africa, I had cured of a violent fever. Yes, M. Libertas, it was Lafortune, your runaway slave."

An expression of surprise, garnished with an oath, escaped the Intendant. "Where was it," said he. "You must point out the place to us. Perhaps we shall be able to catch the rascal."

"It was perhaps on Spanish ground," rejoined the physician, timidly, "as I immediately learned. For scarcely had I called, to Lafortune, when threatening to devour me with his savage looks, he cried, 'Wretch! what drives thee hither into the Spanish Mornes? What wouldst thou here?'"

"'Ah, said I, remember, my child, I am a poor physician, who helps thy brethren in sickness and need; and once I rescued thee from death."

"'True,' cried he, with a demoniac laugh, 'thou art he, who preserves their lives, that they may wear their chains the longer, and the longer work for their white executioners, that the whip may forever keep their flesh raw and bleeding. Now thou shalt have the reward that befits thee. Off with his coat, whip him with nettles, until his flesh falls off, that he may know what use his magic doses serve, and then tie him up on a tree till the worms and vultures have devoured him.'"

"I uttered a loud cry, as the ready rascals snatched me up like a feather, and certainly his commands would have been obeyed, had not a white apparition suddenly thrust itself between me and my black chamberlains. The ghost had thrown a kind of sheet over his low figure, and his head was almost entirely covered by it. I could see nothing but a pair of sparkling eyes, and a hand, which, with giant strength, tore off from me the devil's brood.—The black band were, as it were, transfixed at his glance, and even the furious Lafortune, giant as he is, ventured not to gainsay him, although his eyes darted lightnings. The ghost uttered not a word, but only motioned with his hand that I should depart.

"Whoever you are, cried I, in a rapture of relief, and gathering up my plants, "if you should ever be sick, of yellow fever, or what not, come to me and I 'll cure you."

"Go!" cried the ghost, in a hollow voice.

"Let me see your face, gracious *Sir*," said I, approaching him, for strangely enough I seemed to recognize the voice.

"Go!" cried the ghost, threateningly, and wrapt the sheet more completely around him, and upon this, I came off with all speed, for there was such an emphasis in that one little word, that all my terror came back upon me. I ran as fast as I could, got late after mid-day to St. Rose, and now, as you see, am happily here."

The company all set up a laugh when the Doctor ended, and he looked somewhat vexed. "I should not suppose," said he, "that there was anything so very ridiculous in my story."

"A very pleasant dream, Master Bertrand," cried the Intendant, "and we thank you for the pretty narrative. But complete it now, and tell us who it was that you thought was disguised under the white mantle."

"If I were to say who I think it was," replied the physician, still more vexed, "you would only laugh still more."

"What is that?" exclaimed de Borel, suddenly, and pointed out of the window.

In the far distance, a fiery beam shot up towards the heavens, then vanished in the air, and was succeeded by another, which likewise soon disappeared.

"It must be rockets," said Vincent.

"Rockets!" cried the Marquis, with a sneer.—"The Grande Rivière lies there, with its wild rocks. Who could let off rockets there? We are not in France, Sir."

Various conjectures were suggested, and another appearance of the phenomenon was watched for, but all remained still.

"No matter what it was," said Libertas, at last. "Perhaps it was Lafortune, or the white ghost.—And now out with it, Master Bertrand. Who was it?"

"The voice," answered the Doctor, hesitatingly, "sounded very much like your coachman."

This declaration was received with a loud burst of uncontrollable laughter. "I thought so," cried the Intendant. Something of that sort was needed, to make the dream perfect."

"Whoever it was," said Charmilly, "that old creature with the ugly face, has stupidity written on his very forehead."

"There you are mistaken," said Libertas, "Toussaint, as a negro, is an exception to the general run, ready at all things, and gifted with rare powers.—Yes, he passes even for a sorcerer, and is almost superstitiously feared by his companions."

"Untamable beasts yield tremblingly to his will, and a word from him has power over the shyest creatures, and I never knew so bold and dextrous a rider. Besides," he continued, with a smile, "he knows how to maintain his dignity, by a certain gloomy reserve, and his way of speaking, as well as the habitual gravity of manner in this curious specimen, produces a most delectable awe among these eternally merry, heedless blockheads. No one ever knew the old fellow to laugh out, or to dance in the nigger style. With the most exemplary patience he bears the jests of the young fools, who sometimes, at the instigation of Valsain, and the other overseers, who love to worry him, play off their tricks upon him, but nothing can move him to anger but the ill-treatment of the brute beasts. That he can read and write, and has some knowledge of that natural medicine which consists in the use of roots and weeds, and by which he sometimes steals the business of our worthy Doctor, has been proved occasionally, when his magic wisdom has been called into practice; and every one of my negroes would be willing to stake his life that his like is not to be found anywhere in the world."

"Then is the old knave doubly dangerous," said the Marquis. "He has a bold, false, mischief-speaking look. What citizen Bertrand has told us, deserves to be considered. Libertas, take care, and set a strict investigation on foot."

"And how probable it all is!" cried the Intendant, winking to the Doctor. "Yesterday my philosopher went with a message from me to St. Rose, and only got back late this afternoon. So it appears quite certain, he must be plotting with Lafortune, and the ghost of the Mornes could be no other than he."

The Doctor looked amazed and perplexed. The Marquis was still more excited. "By heaven!" he exclaimed, "delay not a moment. Let us have the fellow here, we will try him."

"Do you not see, then," said Libertas, laughing, "that our little story-teller here, knew what would be the result, and so aimed his pretty narrative at his black rival! O! if they were all only like this dreamer Toussaint, so humble, and obedient, faithful as a dog, we might be content." They jested, and laughed on, and the Doctor remained the butt of their witticisms. Vincent stepped out on the veranda, and looked thoughtfully forth into the beautiful still night. Soon he heard a soft step at his side, and recognized the Lady de Borel, who also had left the circle of gentlemen.

"They are already again disputing," said she, "upon the eternal question, which has now for years rent our fatherland, and which alas! will not soon end. There is no rest or peace, and I am so heartily tired of this state of things, that I would gladly follow the example set by so many, who have sold off their property and retired to the United States."

"You would find there," said Vincent, "a land of freedom, and equality."

"And I love this freedom," replied she, quickly. "I have suffered much for it, and—do still suffer," she added, with a sigh. "But you, Sir, I pity you. To be torn from beautiful France, and to be placed under the glowing skies of this region—it is equivalent to a sentence of banishment."

"A soldier may not choose," returned Vincent.

"Can any man, then, choose his fate," said she, and looked up to heaven. "O, could I have chosen, how different would my fate have been. But, imperceptibly, stone is piled upon stone, and what is called free choice, the resolution of an uncontrolled will, is the course of events, the interweaving of a thousand threads which bind us in with the life, the destinies, sentiments, and passions of others, and make us dependent on relations, to which we are offered up as victims. Tell me something of your history, M. St. Vincent, and you will see that you also are subject to the inexorable law of human fate."

The young officer answered with a smile: "My history would justify your opinion. At twelve years of age I was an orphan, and destitute. I was hardly consulted, when a relative, who was my guardian, obtained admission for me into the military school. I was torn from the arms of my weeping mother, and put under the severe discipline of the school, and so I grew up in a perpetual conflict with my inclinations, and under the pressure of a force which often reduced me almost to despair. When the Revolution broke out, I threw myself into it with my whole heart. Some essays and speeches recommended me, and through the favor of another, I was promoted to a captaincy in the Engineer corps, and sent hither."

"Thus far, then, your own will has done very little for you," said the lady, smiling; "the threads are woven, and the principal one you have overlooked. The same ship which bore you and your destiny, brought also the lovely young de Charmilly. Was it strange that the brilliant, ardent Captain became the guardian knight of this young lady, and that his heart was filled with that wild, sweet, mysterious dream, which once at least in life animates this dust with a divine life? A strange life permeates through one's own, and a stream flowing from the promised paradise, throws its sounding waves upon shores which are covered with all the wondrous bloom of the imagination. Thus have you come to this Island, thus conducted the fair Helen to her delighted old uncle, and yet you have not seen the dragon which guards this golden Fleece."

"I am amazed," said Vincent, with a forced smile, "to find my heart laid open here."

"The truth of this revelation you cannot with any politeness deny, Sir Captain," replied Lady de Borel, smiling. "Woman's eye has received from heaven the power of penetrating every mystery of love, and who could misunderstand the language which has for some hours to-day been passing between four such inexperienced eyes."

"I cannot but hope," said Vincent, with animation, "that this gift of yours has not deceived you. What can be more delightful than to be understood and beloved by so captivating a creature?"

"The way of fortune, however, will not open before you, as you expect," rejoined she, "and it will be so much the better for you, M. St. Vincent, if you can teach your heart to beat less violently in the vicinity of the beautiful heiress. Truly, it might end unhappily, for what can you sacrifice, to obtain possession of this treasure?"

"What sacrifice can be required?" asked Vincent.

"M. de Charmilly is a nobleman of the old school," answered the lady. "He is at the head of the party that clings firmly to the King, and to the old Régime; and, as you have yourself heard, these gentlemen seem fully resolved to give up their country, even, rather than fail of their end. Suppose, now," she continued, "that this proud man were to say: the hand of my niece can be given only to him who contends with me for my plans; what would you answer?"

"I know not," replied the Captain, after a pause, in a low voice, "but my honor I hold sacred; I should have to stand a hard conflict."

"I believe," said Lady de Borel, not without a slight sneer, "you will be spared the trial. Charmilly had, not long ago, quite different views for his niece. There is a M. de Jumecourt in the West, a near relative of his deceased wife, a young blusterer, but, in the opinion of our ladies, one of the handsomest men on the Island. Handsome, rich, and a true Creole; what advantages are these in the eyes of de Charmilly! He has got it into his head, years since, to marry the young people, and the head of a Creole is as hard as steel. Jumecourt is respectable, and influential, and Charmilly has a large estate, so inclinations and advantages unite to make the match agreeable. It is the way of the world." All this was told in a light and easy way, without the speaker's appearing to observe the situation of her auditor, whose pale countenance more than once changed color. "The poor young lady," she added, "is particularly to be commiserated, if she is compelled to marry the wild Jumecourt. The still gentleness of her disposition is not suited to his impetuous passions, and she would soon wither away in suffering and tears. We have many such instances on the Island. The young, gentle hearts come hither from France, and after a short time they faint under the glowing sky, and bow their fair heads to the dust. Poor Helen!"

"Madame," said Vincent, with calmness, and a slight bitterness, "life everywhere calls for decision and strength of character. A woman, who, without love, fastens herself eternally to another, deserves her fate, and the ruin that awaits her."

He did not think how keenly this remark wounded the lady at his side. Her dark eyes gleamed for a moment with the fiercest flames of passion. The ugly little Marquis de Borel was not the man whom a beautiful woman would have chosen from love, and it was nothing but a consuming thirst for revenge that had united them. With an effort she suppressed her wild emotions, and smiled gently, while she remained standing under the orange-trees, through whose branches, laden with blossoms, the soft west wind breathed, shaking the white, fragrant flowers upon her dark hair. "That is a hard saying," said she, sighing, but ah! it is a fearful truth. Yet, no, Sir, ruin is not always the result, for there are sacrifices made in a self-renouncing spirit, which give evidence of the greatest strength of character. And has a woman nothing to think of but the claims of the heart, this unspiritual passion, which vanishes like foam? It is weakness that sacrifices itself and perishes in tears. A superior mind crushes the snakes dead, and seeks out new kingdoms for that which it has lost. You must visit us at the Cape," she continued, resuming her liveliness. "We must be friends. I must convince you that there are other spheres where life offers us amends."

"And where is there any amends for a heart that beats for us, and that we have forever lost?" said Vincent, sadly. "Let one cover up his wounds, let the world open to us a thousand paths, and every pleasure and honor be heaped upon us,—ah! man must still love in order to be happy, and enjoy the true peace of life."

Silently stood they there for some time, and the clear light of the moon sparkled in the tears which filled the eyes of Lady de Borel. Suddenly rousing herself, like one awaking, she seized Vincent's hand and said, with emotion, "You worship love, O! may you never know its tortures; the falsehood which drives one mad, and turns the blood into poison, and makes every thought of the soul a burning arrow of revenge. Let us go: I have forgotten love, it has made me wretched. It is a weakness which one must tear out of his heart, if he would be happy."

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING AN AMENDMENT OF THE LAW.

We cut the following from a late London paper. It is one of the signs of the times:

Saturday a general meeting of the members and friends of the above society took place in their rooms, 21 Regent street. The meeting was very numerously attended by noblemen and gentlemen, particularly those connected with the law, and amongst those present was the Dukes of Rutland, Cleveland, and Richmond; the Marquisses of Normandy and Clanricarde, Earl Radnor, Lords Monteagle, Beaumont, Denman, and Brougham, Sir John Studdert, Mr. Sergeant D'Oyly, Mr. Commissioner Fane, Mr. Commissioner Evans, &c.

Lord Brougham was unanimously called to the chair, and observed that they had met to consider the subject of the promotion of the amendment of the law—a subject which required the most important consideration. It was within the last twelve or fourteen months that the society had been established, and it was established on sound principles and rational views. It was highly gratifying to state that during the time the society had been in operation, it had made considerable progress. They had first formed themselves into committees, divided into the respective subjects of the criminal and equity law, as also the law affecting real property, who had severally made reports, and it was at length thought time to call this general meeting to have the subjects explained. The subject was one in which he had long felt the deepest interest, and although he was aware that the public had been long doomed to disappointment, yet he thought the time of disappointment was past, and that the time for hope had arrived. He (Lord Brougham) had last session introduced nine bills to Parliament, four of which had become the law of the land, which were acts for the extinction of terms, the promotion of cheap conveyance, and those of debtor and creditor, abolishing the imprisonment for debt; the law of mesne process having been previously abolished. Imprisonment for debt had now ceased to exist in this country, only as far as regarded punishment for crime. It had been found that arrest in execution was of no earthly use whatever, the steps to which were twelve, as stated by Mr. Commissioner Fane, all causing considerable expense to the creditor. Any man could now apply for protection to the Court of Bankruptcy, and unless guilty of gross fraud or extravagance, that protection would be granted. As regarded what might be deemed extravagance, he would cite that of a man being possessed only of 5s. going into Storr and Mortimer's, and ordering goods to the amount of 100l. and then cheating them of their money. There was a great difference of opinion as to the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and the general opinion was that the Legislature had gone a little too far in the favor of the debtor, but they could not return. They could not stop, and therefore they ought to give every aid to the creditor. A case had occurred in the Bankruptcy Court where a man who had by defrauding his creditors, got 700l. in his possession, with which he again set up in business, in the very town where he had cheated his creditors. With a view of correcting such a state of things, he intended to submit a bill next session. It was important to punish a man for fraud or extravagance, but the act for abolishing imprisonment for small debts, had been passed in consequence of the representation of such unspeakable horrors as were endured by those imprisoned for small debts, who, it was shown, suffered more than those imprisoned for crimes; and that, too, probably for debts not exceeding 40s. more than would be endured for a debt of 400l. (hear, hear.) It was, however, found that the majority of debts were under 20l. and now most men took care not to exceed 19l. or 19l. 19s. After alluding to the anomalies of the law, both in its civil and criminal jurisdiction, his lordship said that as every subject was bound to obey the law, they were entitled to know what were the laws they had to obey, particularly as to the criminal law, of which they ought to have a code they could understand. His lordship concluded by calling on

Lort Monteagle, who proposed a resolution to the effect, "That the present mode of administering the law in the Court of Chancery was one of the greatest evils of the country.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Sergeant D'Oyly, and carried.

The Marquis of Clanricarde, in a brief speech, proposed a resolution, recommending an improvement in the law as respected the transfer, &c. of real property, which was seconded by Lord Beaumont, and carried.

Mr. Bethell, Q. C. of the Chancery bar, stated many hardships to which suitors were subjected in the Court of Chancery, and stated that a charity, the funds of which were derived from eighteen cottages, had found it necessary to sell the latter, and an order was obtained for the purpose. The cottages sold for about £1,600, but the trustees had to pay costs amounting to £1,400, thus rendering a manifest injury to the poor persons for whose benefit the charity had been established. He was of opinion that there should be a court of mediation, a judge at chambers, as in common law. Take for example a man having a legacy of £100; it would be all absorbed by the present mode of procedure in the Court of Chancery; but might be cheaply arranged by an appeal to a judge at chambers.

Lord Brougham said that the latter suggestion was entitled to the highest consideration.

[Here Lord Denman entered the room, and was received with hearty cheers.]

Mr. Commissioner Fane said that although there were not less than one thousand dishonest to one honest debtor, yet, he thought that the laws did not yet sufficiently protect an honest debtor, while they were not stringent enough for a dishonest debtor, or considerate to a creditor. The learned commissioner concluded by moving a resolution for the improvement of the law in the above respect, which was seconded by

T. Elliott, Esq. and carried unanimously.

The Duke of Richmond said that in his magisterial capacity he was frequently called upon to administer laws which were a disgrace to the statute-book. Children of nine, ten, and eleven years of age, at the sessions found guilty of minor charges of felony, and being branded with felony, it was difficult afterwards to get them to pursue an honest course, and under all circumstances he should be desirous to get rid of such an evil. The noble Duke concluded by moving a resolution for the amendment of the criminal law.

The motion was seconded by the Marquis of Normanby, and carried unanimously.

After thanks to the noble chairman, the meeting broke up.

WAR!

The following is the conclusion of Mr. Parker's eloquent sermon on War:

There have been dark days in this nation before now. It was gloomy—when Washington with his little army fled through the Jerseys. It was not so dark as now; the nation never so false. There was never a time when resistance to tyrants was so rare a virtue; when the people so tamely submitted to a wrong. Now you can feel the darkness. The sack of this city and the butchery of its people were a far less evil than the moral deadness of this nation. Men spring up again like the mown grass—but to raise up saints and heroes in a dead nation, corrupting beside its golden tomb, what shall do that for us? We must look not to the many for that, but to the few, who are faithful unto God and man.

I know the hardy vigor of our men, the stalwarf intellect of this people. Would to God they could learn to love the Right and True. Then what a people should we be—spreading from the Madawaska to the Sacramento—diffusing our great Idea, and living our religion, the Christianity of Christ! Oh, Lord! make the vision true; waken thy prophets and stir thy people till Righteousness exalt us! No wonders will be wrought for that. But the voice of conscience speaks to you and me—and all of us; the right shall prosper; the wicked State shall die, and history responds her long amen.

What lessons come to us from the past! The Genius of the Old Civilization, solemn and sad, sits there on the Alps, his classic beard descending o'er his breast. Behind him arise the new nations, bursting with romantic life. He bends down over the midland sea, and counts up his children—Assyria, Egypt, Tyre, Carthage, Troy, Etruria, Corinth, Athens, Rome—once so renowned, now gathered with the dead, their giant ghosts still lingering pensive o'er the spot. He turns westward his face, too sad to weep, and raising from his palsied knee his trembling hand, looks on his brother genius of the New Civilization. That young giant, strong and mocking, sits there on the Alleghanies. Before him lie the waters, covered with ships; behind him he hears the roar of the Mississippi, and the far distant Oregon—rolling their riches to the sea. He bends down, and that far ocean murmurs pacific in his ear. On his left, are the harbors, shops, and mills of the East, and a five-fold gleam of light goes up from Northern lakes. On his right, spread out the broad savannahs of the South, waiting to be blessed: and far off that Mexique bay bends round her tropic shores. A crown of stars is on that giant's head, some glorious with flashing, many-colored light: some bloody red; some pale and faint, of most uncertain hue. His right hand lies folded in his robe; the left rests on the Bible's opened page; and holds these sacred words—All men are equal, born with equal rights from God. The old says to the young: "Brother, beware!" and Alps and Rocky Mountains say, "BEWARE!" That strippling giant, ill bred and scoffing, shouts amain: "My feet are red with the Indians' blood; my hand has forged the negro's chain. I am strong; who dares assail me? I will drink his blood, for I have made my covenant of lies and leagued with hell for my support. There is no Right, no Truth; Christianity is false, and God a name." His left hand rends those sacred scrolls, casting his Bible underneath his feet, and in his right he brandishes the negro-driver's whip—crying again—"Say, who is God and what is Right?" And all his mountains echo RIGHT. But the old Genius sadly says again: Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not prosper." The hollow tomb of Egypt, Athens, Rome, of every ancient State, with all their wandering ghosts, replies, "AMEN."

We copy the following Prospectus of a new weekly paper to be published in London, edited by Douglas Jerrold. We copy it as a noble exposition of great principles, and not as an advertisement; though should any of our readers desire a London newspaper, we commend Douglas Jerrold's to them most heartily:

On Saturday, July 18, will be commenced a new weekly paper, entitled, Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper, 72 columns, large folio, price sixpence. Editor and Proprietor, Douglas Jerrold. Containing numerous original articles by the editor, and eminent literary associates, and being in every respect a full and efficient newspaper, advocating the cause of the people. Office, 169 Strand, where Prospectuses may be had gratis, and of any town or country newsman.

With the natural desire that what is here set down shall be read, we shall be brief. Indeed, we could wish that the laconic notice of a finger-post were sufficient for our object; merely pointing the way to the printer's, with no verbal flourish of what awaits those we hope to send there. Custom, however, will not be so satisfied. The prospective editor of even gravest determination must, like the pedlar, after some sort vaunt the character and variety of his wares. Whilst we yield to the practice, we hope to carry out the similitude, and—like the pedlar—bear our weekly pack of news, and politics, and literature, to the remotest nook and corner of the land.

NEWS.—Were it possible for a man to realize a recent forlorn idea of Lord Brougham's, and live seven days "in an air-pump," it is our hope that our proposed new paper, would, on his deliverance, solace him with the fullest history of the world for his lost week: its greater and lesser events—its hourly gossip. To achieve this, we shall imitate the chemical doings of certain purveyors; who, to make food portable, condense the essence of whole bodies into packets. After this fashion shall we deal with the penny-a-liner. Let one instance suffice for our general plan. Hanging being still continued as an aid to public morals, we shall not circuitously say, "the unfortunate man, or woman (children are not hanged now,) was launched into eternity." No: we shall give the stark fact without flourish. We shall say—"the man was publicly killed." Now this simplicity yields a two-fold advantage—it gives us brevity; and more, in a clearer light, it sets forth truth.

POLITICS.—We shall deal with politics as men deal with melons: accept a slice from any side, if the slice be good. And the simile holds out. For whereas, in the good old times, and times not so good or old, laws, like exotics, were cultivated for the few, so are they now, equally desirable by the many. And more; they will be had: peacefully—but determinedly—had. And in this inevitable adjustment, far be it from us to wish "to set class against class." No: let us have justice and not tumult to back us. And for this good reason; justice must at some time conquer, if tumult do not betray her. In a word; our politics will be the politics of progress. And for the "wisdom of our ancestors," we shall not, like antiquarian medallists, desire to preserve it for the rust and verdigris of the past, but solely for its current value and utility to the present and the future.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.—It was recently said, (and well said, too,) by the Bishop of Oxford, "that it was a good thing the people would not now be kept quiet by a low standard of education." In plain words, "Dame School" Education, administered like laudanum, not to promote intellectual health, but all "for peace and quietness." The people are no longer to be thus drugged. They will assert their rightful condition in the State. Let the State, then, be their conscientious teacher: nor leave the task to demagogues by trade, and patriots for ready money. Therefore, National Education, as the handmaid of Universal Suffrage, will have our unceasing advocacy.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—Unless Heaven could be mapped out by Government survey, we are for no government way to immortality. We say with Hood—

"Our heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All men we view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As any Prince or Prelate's rotten borough."

Hence, the vessel of the Bishop's Church—a very different vessel, by the way, from the boat of Simon Peter—would not, we think, inevitably founder, were her golden tow-rope cast off from the State, and the rest of her voyage worked by volunteers.

FREE TRADE.—As free as the design of Providence in its great bounty, is made manifest. For surely, every land would have contained everything within itself, had not the Giver of the Good intended its free exchange among the family of man.

PEACE WITH ALL THE WORLD.—The First Lord of the Admiralty has recently avowed his preference of "the man who serves his country under fire, to the man who serves it by the fire." Thus, in the Ellenborough mind, Private Smith in a shower of bullets is nobler, more sublime, than Shakspeare in his study—than Bacon, Newton, Copernicus, Watt. We would not underrate the courage and endurance of Private Smith, but we shall do our best to do without them; to show that we have glory sufficient; and that the noblest and most humanizing truths are written not in laurel leaves, but olive.

Enough of profession. We have briefly indicated our principles. We will no further dwell upon the weekly contents of our newspaper, than to state that they will comprise more than the usual subjects of information and amusement, animated, it is hoped, with a spirit of novelty. We write for the masses. We shall endeavor to write not down, but up to them. Assuredly, we shall not imitate a too common practice; thinking, that like certain yeomanry of indelible memory, the surest way to hit the crowd is—*to aim low.* DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A series of biographical sketches of the eminent leaders of the League will be commenced in an early number, and continued weekly.

From Frazer's Magazine.

COLERIDGE'S ELOQUENCE.

"I asked Mr. Coleridge if he would take any claret; he inclined his head in assent. I filled his glass; I filled my own. I emptied mine; he emptied his. But not a word did he speak. I made some observations about the heat or the cold of the weather, but to no effect: he was silent. I filled him another glass. He opened his mouth, it is true; but it was only to swallow the claret. Can this, thought I, be the great speaker? Good God, the man's dumb. The thought had scarcely passed through my pericranium, when our old friend, acting the part of Balaam's ass, opened his mouth and spake. You all remember the chant of his voice: I had never heard him speak before, and the first words that saluted my ears were, "When we reflect upon the state of Spain——" "Sir!" said I; but it was of no use, out flowed the gush of eloquence. "When we reflect upon the state of Spain, the mind naturally reverts—(your health Mr. Hook!)—to the subjugation of the Peninsula in the days of the Visigoths, when the Mahometan hosts, introduced by the treachery of native grandees, having succeeded in defeating the legitimate prince, broke down the force of the Spanish nation for a moment, and made themselves masters of tower, and town, and tented plain—(thank you, Mr. Hook; the glass is full enough)—until the Goths were driven into the eternal fastnesses of the everlasting mountains, thence to rebound, under the conduct of the gallant Pelayo, destined to drive gradually by successive shocks, into the sea, the infidel invaders; and planting at last the banners of Ferdinand and Isabella over the towers of Granada, deserted by Boabdil, to regain for Christendom the land of Spain. (Thank you; the claret is very good indeed.) So, when a more godless army than that introduced by the treachery of Count Julian crossed the Pyrenees under Napoleon Bonaparte—more godless, I say, because the infidelity of Jacobinism is worse and more unchristian in feeling than that of the Moslem—they too, won tower, and town, and tented plain; but the hills that lift up their heads into heaven, those they won not. And from them came rebounding the might of Spain, supported by the gallant army of the Duke of Wellington; and as the towers of Granada saw the last of the Islam, so did Vittoria chase from Iberian land the relics of the Frenchman. (Your health, Mr. Hook—thank you.) Now you may inquire why I have thought it necessary to institute this comparison between the Mahometan and Jacobinical invaders of Spain. [" I declare to heaven," here interjected Hook, "I did not see the necessity; but as Coleridge did, he proceeded."] It was occasioned thus: I arose this morning saddened and depressed by influences which I could not account for, and I went to dissipate my chagrin in one of those green lanes abounding about Highgate, and which are everywhere the characteristic and the main ornament of the scenery of England. And as I there roved along, on lowly fancies bent, I saw seated across a stile two of those gallant fellows whose dress denoted them to be of the guards of Britain, and from whose bosoms depended the medal which proved that they had shared in the glorious day of Waterloo. And I thought upon that day, and then upon him who won it—and then upon his military career—and then upon his deeds in freeing the Peninsula from the insolent foe; and while thus musing, there came into my head the parallel which I have been endeavoring to make out for the information of the company. (Your health, Mr. Hook.") "Such," continued Theodore, "were the first words I heard from Coleridge. I thought myself exceedingly lucky that he had seen only two guardsmen lounging over a hedge; for if he had seen a troop, the oration would not have been over until the present moment."

MR. O'CONNELL.

The